Methodist Magazine and Review.

DECEMBER, 1896.

EVERY-DAY LIFE IN BIBLE LANDS.

MODES OF TRAVEL IN THE ORIENT.

BY THE EDITOR.

SHIP OF THE DESERT.

"All aboard for Jerusalem!" "All out for Bethlehem!" The words give rather a shock to our ideas of the proprieties of travel in the land of the patriarchs and prophets. But nowhere are the living present and the long dead past brought into sharper contrast than in this old land. The electric telegraph follows the highway over the mountains of Ephraim and Hermon, and a telegraph station is but a stone's throw from Jacob's Well. From ancient Hebron, or still more ancient Damascus, one may communicate by the electric wire to the ends of the earth. But, except on the short railway line to Jerusalem, one's feelings are not much shocked by modern facilities of travel. It seems almost a profanation to go hurtling past the biblical sites of Joppa, Lydda, and Arimathea, in a railway train, and many tourists still prefer the old horseback route. Nevertheless, for the development of trade and the carrying of heavy material, the iron horse beats out of sight the slow moving camel.

The idea of connecting Jerusalem by rail with the Mediterranean is not a new one. As far back as 1868, Mr. Zimpel, a German engineer, prepared plans for the construction of a harbour at Jaffa, and a railway from that port to Jerusalem. His scheme, however, failed, and the same fate befell the similar project of an Egyptian capitalist, Lutfey Bey. In 1888, a concession was obtained from the Turkish Government, for the construction of the railway, which was completed in 1892. Its inauguration took place with many ceremonies, among which was the sacrifice of large numbers of sheep by the Moslems at the station outside of Jerusalem.

The line is fifty-four and a half miles long. It has a zigzag course up river valleys, and in consequence has the great number of 176 bridges, seven of which are of iron, the rest being of stone. The termini at Jaffa and Jerusalem are well-built structures, provided with telegraph apparatus, water tanks, etc. Starting near the sea at Jaffa the line makes a curve to avoid injuring the orange groves, and then enters the lovely, verdure-clad Plain of Sharon, dotted with

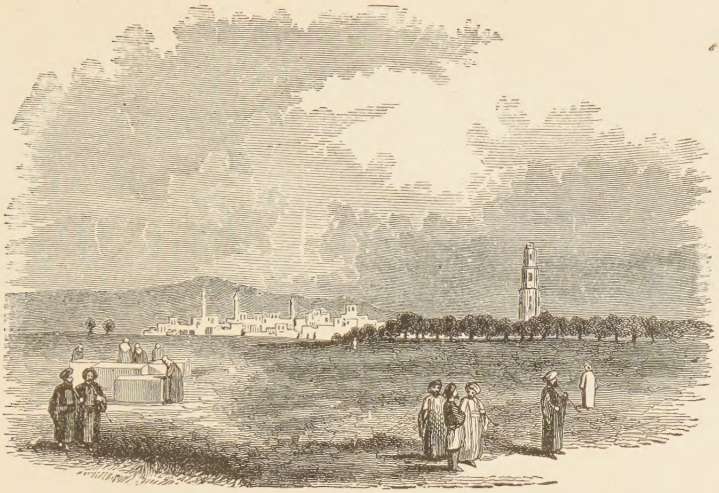
daisies, scarlet anemones and lilies. The first station is at Ludd, the ancient Lydda, twelve miles from Jaffa, where Peter healed the paralytic Aeneas, as described in Acts ix. 32-35. The station is near the church and tomb of St. George, the patron saint of England—the victor over the dragon in the Christian hagiology. The village is very picturesque, standing on an eminence surrounded by orange groves, while graceful palms rise among the houses.

Ashdod, Gath, Gezer, Latrun, the home of the two thieves of the crucifixion, Amwas, or Emmaus, the valley of Ajalon, the distant peak of Mizpah, and many another sacred place whose very name called up hallowed associations. The next station, Ain Sejed, was built because the Sultan has a farm close at hand. The fourth station is Deir Aban, and is intended for the convenience of the adjacent Latin convent. Here the ascent to Jerusalem begins, and the train

LUDD—THE ANCIENT LYDDA.

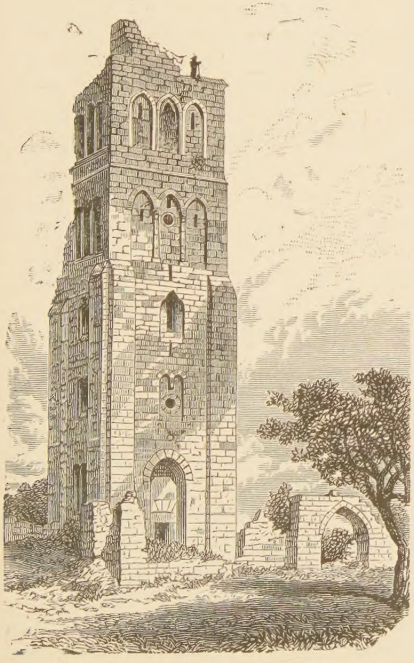
Three miles further is Ramleh, the ancient Arimathea, where dwelt the rich man in whose garden our Lord was buried. It was here that, in the spring of 1892, we first heard the neigh of the iron horse in Palestine, as a construction train crowded with Arabs passed by. The chief glory of Ramleh is the famous White Tower, the remains of an old Crusaders' church. We climbed the ruinous stairway of 120 steps, and had a magnificent view, stretching from Carmel to Gaza, including Ludd, or Lydda, runs through the valley of Sorek, the scene of Samson's irregular warfare against the Philistines.

Next comes Bittir, the ancient Bether, the most prosperous mountain village on the line. Here are great vegetable gardens, which supply Jerusalem, and from here are also carried large quantities of water to the city, where that element is scarce. On leaving Bittir, the line enters the Wady-el-Wud, or Valley of Roses, where acres of that lovely flower are cultivated, making the air heavy with



RAMLEH—ARIMATHEA.

their perfume. The next spot of interest is Rephaim, "the Valley of Giants," once occupied by the giant sons of Anak, and near by is Bethlehem. Then Olivet comes in sight, and at last we reach the Jerusalem station, about a mile from the city. Already the sacred city is experiencing the stimulus of the railway. The British consul at Jerusalem in his last report, as quoted in the London Times, gives some interesting details respecting the present condition of affairs. The city is far outgrowing its former limits. On the western side quite a large suburb has arisen where formerly there were fields and vineyards. The name "New Jerusalem" has been given to this new quarter.



WHITE TOWER OF RAMLEH.

An interesting enterprise which has recently been commenced is the collection of the bitumen which rises to the surface and floats about on the Dead Sea. Two sailing boats were taken by train from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and then conveyed on carts to the Jordan, where they were floated down the river to the Dead Sea, and are there now engaged in picking up the bitumen, which is in much request in Europe. The consul thinks it would be advantageous to trade with the inland districts if a steam launch and several lighters were placed on the Dead Sea to ferry across the produce of Moab, which is a country rich in cereals, fruit, and cattle. At present it is

ARAB ENCAMPMENT.

conveyed by caravans round the north or south end of the Dead Sea, entailing a journey of from four to five days.

Two other railways have been projected and are under partial construction in Palestine and Syria. One of these—a narrow-gauge line between Beyrout and Damascus—is being constructed by a French syndicate. An English syndicate is now building a seventy-five mile line from Haifa to Damascus, which will be one of the most important branches of a railway system that will girdle the Holy Land from north to south. It will run along the base of Carmel, and on to the battle-storied plain of Esdraelon, passing the villages of Nain, Jezreel and Beisan, with the possibility of touching near Nazareth. On leaving Mount Tabor, it will cross the Jordan near Majameh ("the Bridge of Meeting"), where the Little Jordan joins the main stream.

Then, for a brief distance, it will run along the southern shore of the Lake of Tiberias, and diverge into the great wheat-growing region of Syria, known as "the Hauran" (referred to in the Bible as "the Plains of Bashan"), and continue to Damascus, the whole length being about 120 miles. This road, which has been estimated to cost $10,000,000, will, when completed, open up to the East large agricultural and manufacturing interests, and will greatly aid in bringing about renewed prosperity to a country whose commerce has long been stagnant.

Meanwhile, Belgian capitalists, it is reported, have undertaken to build a seventy-five mile road from Damascus into the Hauran, for the purpose of aiding the development of the grain trade, and the Joppa road, now in operation, is to have a branch running along the coast to Gaza, in ancient Philistia, which may be continued to Port Said in Egypt. Under the influence of this new element, Palestine, and indeed all Syria, is beginning to feel the throbbings of a new life more in touch with the activity and progress of the Western world.

The chief mode of travel, however, through Syria and Palestine is the same as in the days of Abraham. The almost universal beast of burden in the Orient, especially in its sandy deserts, is the camel, whose very name comes from a root signifying "to carry." It has a wide geographical distribution from Morocco to Arabia, Persia, India, China, and Mongolia. It is a large, ungainly,

ludicrous-looking creature, probably the most awkward of all that walk the earth, with one or two great humps on its back, unsightly callosities on its knees, great cushioned feet, a small, almost hairless tail, and a perpetual snarl on its homely face. It is generally a sulky, self-willed beast, "with," says Lord Nugent, "a most discontented expression of countenance, and a voice betraying more of moral degradation than I ever

CAMEL AND DRIVER.

heard from any other animal—a tone of complaint and deep hate which the shape of his open mouth well accords with."

Yet its very deformities make it one of the most useful of animals. Its clumsy and wide-spreading feet prevent it from sinking into the sand and give its gait an elasticity and stealthy silence peculiar to itself. Its long upper lip is used as an organ of prehension for tearing up the hard and thorny plants of the desert on which it feeds. The hump on its back is its storehouse for food which it slowly absorbs on its long marches. The callosities on its limbs and chest are the points on which it rests when kneeling to receive its burden. In the stomach is a system of large cells capable of distension, which the animal can fill with many quarts of water, thus carrying a supply for its own wants for many weeks, "a supply which it occasionally yields with its life for its master."

The camel supplies the Arab with its milk, occasionally with its flesh, which is said to resemble beef. The hair serves for clothing and tent cloths, and the skin for leather. Its power of endurance and ability to subsist on the coarsest food have justly earned for it the title of "the ship of the desert." It can carry from six hundred to a thousand pounds, and though slow-paced, can keep up its gait of two or three miles an hour for a couple of days. Its usual gait is a jerking walk which jolts one almost into a jelly. This may be pushed into a slow trot, by far the more agreeable pace, but the higher rate of speed threatens the dislocation of all the joints, and, seemingly, peril of one's life. For riding, a pack-saddle, something like an exaggerated saw-horse, is placed upon his back, and padded with sheep-skins and rugs. The camel folds up his long legs like a jack-knife, to kneel for his burden, and the cantankerous creature has a habit of springing up the moment the rider mounts, unfolding first the long, hind legs, which pitches one almost over his head, and ris-

ing in a counter-motion, throws him violently backward, making him grasp for dear life the high wooden pommel of the saddle. For women, a broad divan of quilts, Turkish carpets, and cushions, is spread, on which the Arab women ride with apparent comfort, often covered with a strange, top-heavy looking canopy. It was probably thus that Rebekah rode upon a camel, from which she alighted at the sight of Isaac. (Gen. xxiv. 64.)

MODES OF TRAVEL IN EGYPT.

In Upper Egypt and Nubia, I have seen a British camel corps, armed with short carbines, riding high in air in leather saddles. In Egypt, the whole land is musky by reason of the strong, pungent odour of the camels, which was almost overpowering when a long train passed near. Very picturesque they are, silhouetted at sunset against the western sky, as they march along the high embankment of the Nile. But they are very uncomfortable neighbours, as they force their way through the crowded bazaars with bulky burdens on their sides, driving everyone into the stalls or other recesses.

As far back as the days of Abraham, camels were part of the wealth of an Arab sheik. (Gen. xii. 16, and xxiv. 10.) Of the Midianites we read that "their camels were without number."

The elaborate "coiffure," shall we call it, of the camels, the tasselled ornament of its long, scrawny neck and head, often accompanied with jingling bells, illustrates the allusion in Judges viii. 21, to the "ornaments which were on the camels' necks."

Much less common than any other beast of burden is the horse, which, as portrayed upon the monuments of Egypt, was remarkable for its beautiful proportions, lightness and strength. The first mention of the horse occurs in Genesis xlvii. 17. Though the Canaanites had their cavalry which they led against the Israelites (Josh. xi. 4), it was not till the time of David that they formed part of the Hebrew army (2 Sam. viii. 4). Contrary to the Mosaic law (Deut. xvii. 16), Solomon used horses in great number (1 Kings iv. 26), "and Solomon had forty thousand stalls of horses for his

ARAB HORSEMEN.

chariots, and twelve thousand horsemen." Succeeding kings had their studs and equipages as well as war chariots, and looked to Egypt for hired troops of horse—a course which was condemned as leading to dependence on an idolatrous people.

The description of the horse in Job, which is probably older than the time of Moses, has never been surpassed for magnificence and force. We give the version of Noyes :

"Hast Thou given the horse strength?
Hast Thou clothed his neck with thunder?
Hast Thou taught him to bound like the locust?
How terrible the noise of his nostrils!
He paweth in the valley: he exulteth in his strength,
And rusheth into the midst of arms.
He laugheth at fear; he trembleth not,
And turneth not back from the sword.
Against him rattleth the quiver,
The glittering spear and the lance.
With rage and fury he devoureth the ground;
He standeth not still when the trumpet soundeth;
He saith among the trumpets, aha! aha!
And snuffeth the battle afar off;
The thunder of the captains and the shouting."—Job xxxix. 19.

The love of the Arab for his horse has passed into a proverb. Indeed, the horse is part of the family, lives with the Bedouin in his tent, shares his food, and takes his place even above the wife in Locksley Hall, "something better than his dogs, a little dearer than his horse." The Arab horses are very docile, capable of much endurance, nimble almost as a goat in climbing steep and rugged rocks. In travelling over the stony Wilderness of Judea, more than once have I been indebted for my personal safety to my sure-footed Arab horse. Even when he did slip on a steep slope he would scramble as nimbly as a cat and recover his footing.

By most native travellers, however, the ass or donkey is used. One can be hired for a few pence a day, and in Cairo, where they swarm, they are as cheap as street cars—a piastre, or five cents, paying for a ride. The ass in Bible Lands is not the dull and stupid animal to which we are accustomed, but an alert, well-groomed, handsome beast. In Egypt, public officers and men of wealth ride on horses, but nine-tenths or more who ride at all, ride donkeys. These receive very high-sounding names,

invented to suit the supposed taste of their patrons. The donkey boys will greet one with exuberance, crying out, "Mine berry good donkey,—him name Lord Salisbury," or, "Him name Grand Old Man," or, perhaps, "Him name Cleopatra," or "Lily Langtry." In Upper Egypt, I had the honour of riding on the back of "Rameses the Great" and "Tothmes III."

The patient beasts are unmercifully belaboured by the irrepressible donkey boys, and the more you tell them to go slow, the more they whack them, and if that will not suffice, twist their tails. The

ARAB TENT.

donkeys have a trick of collapsing all at once, like the deacon's "one-horse shay;" the saddle girth is apt to give way, and a dignified rider with white umbrella, pith helmet and all, is shot ignominiously over the animal's head.

In Bible times the ass was ridden upon by persons of the highest dignity in Palestine, as 1 Sam. xv. 23; 2 Sam. xvii. 23, and elsewhere. Hence, in Zechariah ix. 9, the coming of the Messiah is thus foretold, as, "Riding upon an ass, and upon a colt, the foal of an ass." The white, or silver gray, asses are special favourites. One such served as our sumpter beast of burden from Jericho to Baalbec. He always headed the procession, and was surnamed Agag, because he walked "delicately" (1 Sam. xv. 32), with little mincing steps. The Eastern donkeys are extremely sure-footed, docile, and often easier to ride than the high-stepping horses. In Job xxxix. 5, the wild ass is described in words of vivid poetical diction:

"Who hath sent forth the wild ass free?
Who hath loosed the bands of the wild ass?
Whose house I have made the wilderness,
And the barren land his dwelling-place.
He scorneth the tumult of the city,
And disregards the clamours of the driver.
The range of the mountains is his pasture:
He seeketh after every green thing."

The strain of Viking blood which makes the sailors and fishermen of the Scottish and English coast such masters of the main, is absent from those of the Orient. They creep timorously along the shore, and even in the land-girt Sea of Galilee could not be persuaded to do more than row around the margin of the sheltered bays.

The only way to travel in comfort in Palestine and Syria is in a tenting party. Our little company of six persons had five tents, one a large one for dining. We carried with us our beds, bedding, chairs, tables, dishes, everything we needed—even the forage for the horses, and the charcoal for the cooking range. We employed twenty-two horses, one donkey, and eleven servants. With these we travelled in comfort and even luxury, our cook preparing splendid dinners, and excellent breakfast and lunch. Our daily supply came from the ends of the world: the butter from Denmark, the milk from Switzerland, the canned meats from Chicago, the biscuits from London, the apricots from Damascus, the tea, pressed in solid bricks, was brought through

Siberia to Russia. We were aroused at six, sometimes at five, in the morning; were in the saddle at seven, or even six; made a mid-day halt of two hours, reached camp about four, where we found tea awaiting us, then explored the neighbourhood, had dinner at seven, studied our Bibles—the best

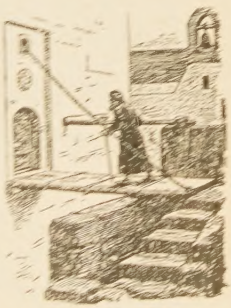
A DRAGOMAN.

hand-books to Palestine—and wrote up notes till nine. Thus the busy day passed by, sometimes thirteen hours being spent in the saddle.

The dragoman, or conductor, of such party is an exceedingly important personage. He wears a gorgeously embroidered native dress, with one or two pistols in his girdle, is a superb horseman, speaks three or four languages, knows his Bible well, and gives lectures on every biblical site from Hebron to Damascus. Our faithful Greek guide, Abdallah B. Kayat, was a most accomplished and courteous gentleman. Our servants were uniformly kind and obliging, and won our lasting gratitude by their fidelity and endurance of hardship amid stress of toil and bitter weather.

Hotels in Syria and Palestine—except at Jaffa, Jerusalem, Damascus, and Beyrout—there are none. There are a few wretched inns where the tourist will be devoured by fleas and will receive rather meagre rations. The traveller, however, is always made welcome at the Greek and Latin convents, where he may share the stone cells and Lenten fare of the monks without charge. He is, of course, expected to contribute to the convent treasury as much as he would pay for similar accommodation elsewhere. The monks, however, are very hospitable, and make no stipulation for payment.

Where there is no convent one may count upon a welcome from the Greek or Latin priest, or even from the Arab sheik, or head man of the village, but he must not count on many luxuries. After a day's exposure to driving rain, and cold that pierced us to the very marrow, in crossing Mount Hermon, our tents and baggage being thoroughly soaked, we took refuge in the house of a Greek priest. But this best house in the village consisted only of bare walls and floor, with wooden shutters for glazed windows, without a chimney or bed or chair. We made a fire of some corn-stalks in a corner of the room, the smoke escaping through the open door. We turned around before this till we were smoke-dried, like herrings. Our servants brought in our iron bedsteads, and we borrowed rugs of the good priest's family, for the



ENTRANCE TO CONVENT.

Greek priests are all married. Save that the rain leaked through the flat roof and the wind whistled through the wooden shutters, we were not so badly off.

There are native inns, or khans, generally large stone buildings surrounding an open court. Travellers bring their own bedding and prepare their own meals. Sometimes a gallery surrounds this court, as in our cut, in which

CROWDED ORIENTAL KHAN OR INN.

the howagi, or travellers, find refuge, while their beasts of burden are stalled below.

In Jerusalem are great convents, at some of which as many as two thousand pilgrims can be entertained, but they furnish only room for spreading their rugs and preparing their frugal meal. On the top of the flat roof on such a convent, adjoining the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, I counted nearly seventy small stone huts. Some scores of black Abyssinian pilgrims were cooking their evening meal at open fires like a lot of Zulus in an African kraal.

Good roads are the great necessity for the development of Palestine. For the most part the roads are simply atrocious. Even the old Roman highways through the country have become a peril rather than an aid to travel. Deep ruts gape between their large stone blocks, threatening to break the horses' legs. In many places the path is like the dry bed of a torrent, strewn with stones, amid which the beasts of burden at a snail's pace pick their way. If this country were in the hands of a strong and stable government like that of Britain, France, or Russia, good roads would soon

follow. The natural fertility of the Plains of Sharon and Esdraelon would lead to prosperous agriculture and trade, instead of the sterility and stagnation which prevail.

The best bit of road in Syria is the seventy miles from Damascus to Beyrout. This was constructed by a French company, which runs daily lines of diligences, covering the seventy miles—much of it a steep grade—in ten hours. It is much used also for heavy traffic. Brigades of broad-tired wains, drawn by six horses, drag enormous loads. In climbing a steep grade two teams are attached to a single waggon. The poor fellah, however, still uses the old toll-free rugged route through the valley for his donkeys or camel.

Few things are more exhilarating than the ride down the long slope of this magnificent road from the summit of Lebanon to the port of Beyrout. Like a broad white ribbon, winding in many a curve among the olives, chestnuts, and stately pines, the road lies beneath the eye. The driving is like that of Jehu, the son of Nimshi; the charioteers wheel their horses round the curves in a manner very disconcerting to weak nerves.

CHRISTMAS.

BY PHILLIPS BROOKS.

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young.
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air,
When the song of the angels is sung.

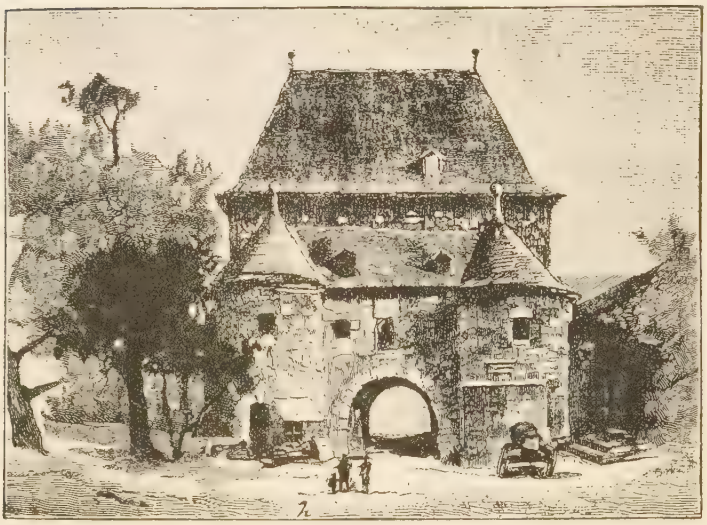
It is coming, Old Earth, it is coming to-night!
On the snowflakes which cover the sod
The feet of the Christ-child fall gentle and white,
And the voice of the Christ child tells out with delight,
That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,
That voice of the Christ-child shall fall,
And to every blind wanderer opens the door
Of a hope that he dared not to dream of before,
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
Where the feet of the holiest have trod.
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed,
That mankind are the children of God.

Hark, throughout Christendom, joy-bells are ringing;
From mountain and valley, o'er land and o'er sea,
Sweet choral melodies pealing and thrilling,
Echoes of ages from far Galilee!
Christmas is here,
Merry old Christmas,
Gift-bearing, heart-touching, joy-bringing Christmas,
Day of grand memories, king of the year!

—*Irving.*



ANCIENT CITY GATE, STRASSBURG.

Nowhere has Gothic architecture reached a grander development than in the old Rhine cities; and the two finest minsters in the world are, I think, those of Strassburg and Cologne. The former especially is beautiful without and within—is a glorious poem, a grand epic, a sublime anthem in stone. Even the grandeur of St. Peter's wanes before the solemn awe which comes over the soul beneath those vast and shadowy vaults. The one represents the perfect triumph of human achievement; the other the deep religious yearning and the unsatisfied aspiration of the spirit: the one, the cold intellectual work of the southern mind; the other, the awe and mystery, and sublime emotions, of the northern soul. These clustering columns; these dim, forest-like vaults; these long-drawn aisles; the solemn gloom irradiated by glimpses of glory through the many-coloured robes of apostle and prophet, saint and angel, in the painted windows, so like the earthly shadows and the heavenly light of human life and history—these wake deep echoes in the soul, as no classic or renaissance architecture ever can.

As we entered the cathedral on our first visit to Strassburg, the deep-toned organ was rolling forth a sublime fugue, descriptive of the Last Judgment—the clear pealing of the archangel's trumpet, the deep thunder of doom, the wail of everlasting despair, the jubilant triumph of the saved. The pure, sweet, innocent voices of the white-robed choir boys, and the deep, solemn chanting of the priests, echoed through the vaulted aisles in cadences by turns tender and sublime. However the judgment may condemn this dramatic sort of worship, it is certainly profoundly impressive to the imagination.

Not far off was a more striking display of Romish superstition. A statue of the Virgin and the dead Christ was tricked out with lace

and flowers. Around it were a number of votive images in wax, of legs, arms, hands, and feet—a thank-offering for the cure of maladies of these members. Kneeling in the coloured light from a painted window were a number of persons praying before the image, among them a mother with her sick child in her arms, seemingly interceding for its recovery. At the door was a stall where sat an old woman selling tapers for use in this semi-pagan worship.

THE NATIONAL GATE, STRASSBURG.

From the time of Clovis, in the sixth century, a church has stood upon this spot, but the present

structure was begun in 1179. The western facade, with its great rose window, forty-two feet across, its "stone lace-work," and the canopied niches, is the work of the famous architect, Erwin Von Steinbach. Among the statues is an impressive group of the Seven Cardinal Virtues trampling under their feet the Seven Vices, and of the story of creation and redemption. Two huge towers flank the facade. Between them is a large stone platform, two hundred and sixteen feet from the ground, from which is obtained a magnificent view of the town at our feet, with its storks' nests on the roofs, its walls and ramparts, and in the distance the Vosges Mountains, the Black Forest, and Jura Range.

ANCIENT HOUSES IN STRASSBURG.

The stork seems a sacred bird. The townsfolk put up false chimneys for it to build on, and I saw one huge nest transfixed on a spire. From the platform rises the open stone spire to a height of four hundred and sixty-nine feet. The scars and grooves made by Prussian cannon balls, fired during the ten weeks' siege, are plainly seen on the stone. The massive cross on the top is that which Longfellow in his Golden Legend represents the powers of the air as striving, in a midnight tempest, to tear down.

LUCIFER.

Hasten! hasten!
O ye spirits!
From its station drag the ponderous
Cross of iron, that to mock us
Is uplifted high in air!

VOICES.

Oh, we cannot!
For around it
All the Saints and Guardian Angels
Throng in legions to protect it;
They defeat us everywhere!

THE BELLS.

Laudo Deum verum!
Plebem voco!
Congrego clerum!
(I praise the true God!
I call the people!
I assemble the clergy!)

LUCIFER.

Lower! lower!
Hover downward!
Seize the loud vociferous bells, and
Clashing, clanging, to the pavement
Hurl them from their windy tower!

VOICES.

All thy thunders
Here are harmless!
For these bells have been anointed,

And baptized with holy water!
They defy our utmost power.

THE BELLS.

Defunctos ploro!
Pestem fugo!
Festa decoro!
(I lament for the dead!
I banish pestilence!
I adorn the feasts!)

LUCIFER.

Shake the casements!
Break the painted
Panes, that flame with gold and crimson;
Scatter them like leaves of Autumn,
Swept away before the blast!

VOICES.

Oh, we cannot!
The Archangel
Michael flames from every window,
With the sword of fire that drove us
Headlong, out of heaven, aghast!

THE BELLS.

Funera plango!
Fulgura frango!
Sabbata pango!
(I wail at funerals!
I break the lightnings!
I hallow the Sabbath!)

LUCIFER.

Aim your lightnings
At the oaken,
Massive, iron-studded portals!
Sack the house of God, and scatter
Wide the ashes of the dead!

VOICES.

Oh, we cannot!
The Apostles
And the Martyrs, wrapped in mantles,
Stand as warders at the entrance,
Stand as sentinels o'erhead!

THE BELLS.

Dissipo ventos!
Excito lentos!
Paco cruentos!
(I banish the winds!
I arouse the sluggish!
I appease the cruel!)

LUCIFER.

Baffled! baffled!
Inefficient,
Craven spirits! leave this labour
Unto Time, the great Destroyer!
Come away, ere night is gone!

VOICES.

Onward! onward!
With the night-wind,
Over field and farm and forest,

STORK'S NEST IN STRASSBURG.

Lonely homestead, darksome hamlet,
Blighting all we breathe upon!

They sweep away. Organ and Gregorian Chant.

CHOIR.

Nocte surgentes
Vigilemus omnes!
(Rising at midnight
We watch over all things.)

The pillars that support the tower and spire are enormous. I walked around one and found it thirty-two paces in circuit. At the south door is a statue of Erwin Von Steinbach and his daughter Sabina. They are thus commemorated by Longfellow :

" The architect
Built his great heart into these sculptured stones ;
And with him toiled his children, and their lives
Were builded with his own into the walls,
As offerings unto God. You see that statue
Fixing its joyous but deep-wrinkled eyes
Upon the pillar of the angels yonder.
That is the image of the master, carved
By the fair hand of his own child Sabina."

The " Erwinspfeiler " referred to is of great beauty. The stone pulpit, of 1485, is exquisitely carved. But many of the statues are painted in execrable taste, with black beards and coloured robes. A mob of tourists go gaping about after a liveried verger during the service, and gather every hour before the famous clock, where an angel strikes the quarters and a skeleton the hours, and a brazen cock flaps his wings and crows. I thought it a very paltry performance, and a desecration of the grand old church. In the cloisters is the tomb of Erwin and his wife, and near by his house, with the most exquisite Gothic winding-stair in stone that I ever saw.

Germany holds with an iron grip her Alsatian conquest. Sentries in spiked helmets were patrolling the streets, and here and there arms were stacked as if it were war time. The day I arrived, on the occasion of my first visit, a feigned surprise of the city was repulsed; cavalry galloped through the streets, and infantry massed in the squares. The day I left, a mock siege took place, and the heavy guns were firing from the citadel and ramparts, which have been made almost impregnable. One of the townsfolk told me that the thrifty German administration, which had introduced water-works and promoted the prosperity of the place, reconciled the people to their change of masters. In the narrow and crooked streets are many fine old mediaeval houses, with Gothic gables and elaborate wood-carving; and the old gates, watch towers, and walls are delightfully quaint.

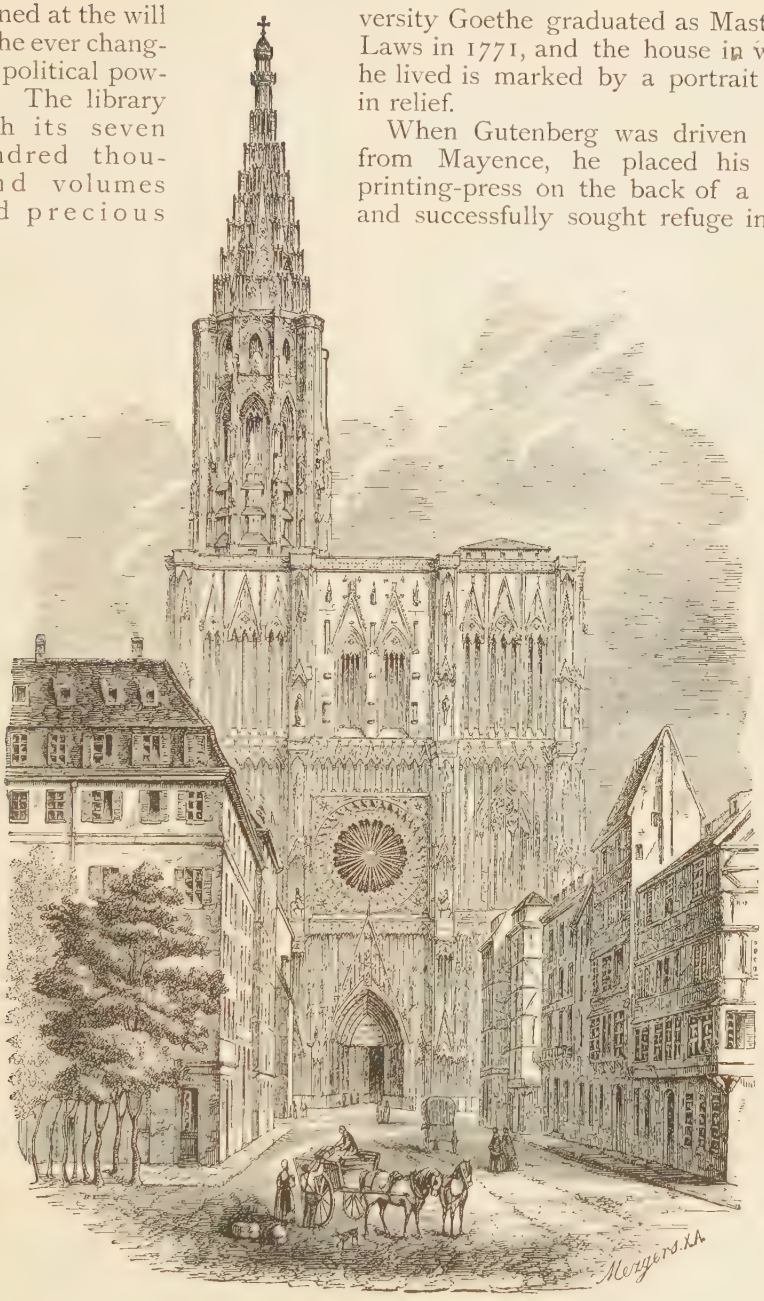
Alsace-Lorraine, says the Rev. E. Clowes Chorley, has been for centuries the borderland and battlefield of France and Germany. From the time of Caesar, when it was occupied by the Celts and formed part of Gaul, until the Franco-German war of 1870, Strassburg has been the cause of jealousy and strife. The city has changed masters as frequently as the chameleon casts his skin. The Romans took possession when John the Baptist was preaching on Jordan's banks. In the dark Middle Ages it was the most powerful of German free cities, and the banner of the citizens was carried in state processions only second to the imperial eagle. Two hundred years ago, Louis XIV. of France, seized Strassburg by stratagem, and it remained under French rule till ceded to Germany at the close of the last great war.

Of late years the city has prospered remarkably, and its importance as a university and manufacturing centre bids fair to shadow its military renown. Instead of the bare, cold, squares of an English city, Strassburg has tastefully laid out gardens bright with the bloom of flowers, broad boulevards flanked by rows of trees, and gushing fountains sparkling like diamonds in the sunlight. The streets in the older part of the city are somewhat narrow and crooked, but are always picturesque, and many of of the Gothic-gabled mediaeval houses are extremely beautiful.

The university has had a checkered history, being closed and

opened at the will of the ever changing political powers. The library with its seven hundred thousand volumes and precious manuscripts was entirely destroyed at the bombardment of 1870, but has since been re-stocked by national subscription. At this university Goethe graduated as Master of Laws in 1771, and the house in which he lived is marked by a portrait bust in relief.

When Gutenberg was driven forth from Mayence, he placed his rude printing-press on the back of a mule and successfully sought refuge in this seat of learning, and here perfected his art. His monument in the Gutenberg Platz bears the simple inscription, "Let there be light."

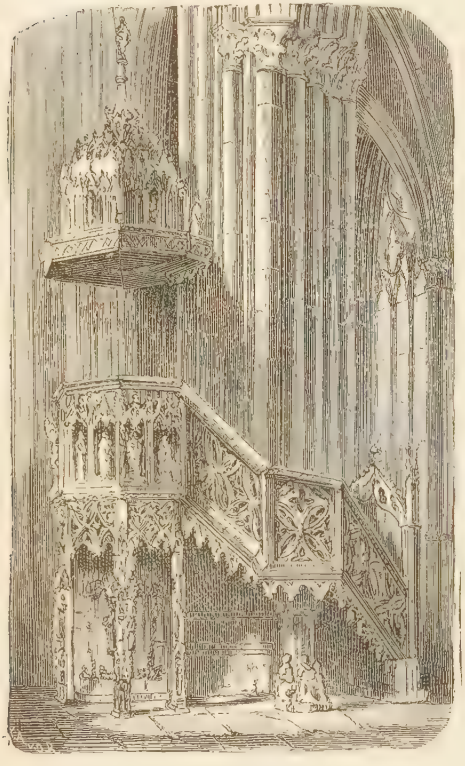


STRASSBURG CATHEDRAL.

His pupil and assistant, Johann Mentelin, became the first recognized Strassburg printer.

The old cathedral has had an interesting history, dating from the twelfth century.

The peasants quarried the stone and carted it into the city, and a hundred thousand men laboured on the building for the salvation of



PULPIT IN STRASSBURG CATHEDRAL.

their souls. Revolutions, plague, and wars hindered the work; but in 1439 the topstone was laid by John Hultz, of Cologne.

In the south transept there stands the well-known astronomical clock, said to be the most ingenious in the world. At midday the transept is filled with a cosmopolitan crowd, anxious to witness the performance. The first clock, made seven hundred years ago, was called the "clock of the three sages," because the Magi bowed every hour before the Virgin. The present one was placed in 1842. The mechanism is really marvellous. Over the clock is a small gallery, where a skeleton angel of death strikes the hour, and a genius by his side turns the hour-glass. Grouped below are figures of childhood, youth, manhood, and old age, and these strike the quarters in succession. Childhood and old age do not appear between 6 p.m. and 6 a.m., they being at rest. Under the first gallery there stands the symbolical deity of each day—Apollo on Sunday, Diana on Tuesday, and so on through each day of the week.

At the hour of noon a remarkable piece of mechanism is set in motion. The twelve apostles come out and pass in slow procession before the figure of Christ, who raises his hands in token of blessing. As St. Peter approaches his Master, a cock perched upon the highest pinnacle, stretches his neck, flaps his wings, and crows three times. By an ingenious contrivance the instrument is a perpetual record of the revolutions of the planets and eclipses of the sun and moon. The inventor was Schwilgue, of Strassburg.

In the Franco-Prussian war the city suffered most severely. For ages Strassburg has been recognized as the key of the province, and Maximilian designated it the bulwark of the "holy Roman empire." The Germans began their siege on August 13, 1870, and the bombardment commenced five days later. It was a veritable reign of terror. In the course of conversation with a shop-keeper in Gutenberg Platz, he told me that for forty-seven days he and his family took shelter in an underground cellar. They were deafened with the tramp of soldiers,

the groans of the wounded and the unceasing boom of shot and shell. Those who talk of the gleam and glamour of war have never seen its dread reality. In the city the university and other buildings were destroyed by fire, and the theatre was burned, together with three hundred people who had there taken shelter. The squares were used as improvised hospitals, and the priceless books and MSS. of the university were utterly destroyed. In the cathedral square only one house—and that the oldest in the city—escaped destruction.

The French headquarters' staff used the platform of the cathedral from which to direct operations against the besiegers, and the sacred building became a mark of the enemy. On August 25, shells perforated the cathedral roof, and the flames, fed by the molten copper, rose hundreds of feet high. The great guns shattered some of the finest sculptures, and the roof fell in with a mighty crash. When morning dawned the floor was buried beneath the ruins, and a shell had pierced the organ and shattered the old painted windows into a thousand atoms. Pictures now hanging in the crypt are riddled with bullet holes. After the ceding of the city to the Germans, their first work was the restoration of the sacred building, and but few traces of the bombardment remain.

The militarism of Europe is very much in evidence in Strassburg. It is a permanent camp. The Germans have belted the city with a double line of strong fortifications, and made it the headquarters of an army corps of four hundred thousand soldiers. The military element predominates. In one hour I saw four different regiments marching down the city streets, and their more fortunate comrades lounged in the barrack squares. Foreigners are eyed with suspicion, and are subjected to a certain amount of surveillance. Passengers in the tramcars that run two miles out to the Rhine are stopped outside the guarded gates, and are closely scrutinized before being allowed to re-enter the city.

Much has yet to be done before peace and goodwill supplant war and strife in these troubled provinces, but signs are not wanting that even there Tennyson's seer-like vision may be fulfilled, and

> The war-drum throb no longer, and the battle-flags be furled
> In the parliament of man, the federation of the world.

A DESIRE.

BY ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

O to have dwelt in Bethlehem
When the star of the Lord shone bright!
To have sheltered the holy wanderers
On that blessed Christmas night!
To have kissed the tender wayworn feet
Of the mother undefiled,
And with reverent wonder and deep delight,
To have tended the Holy Child!

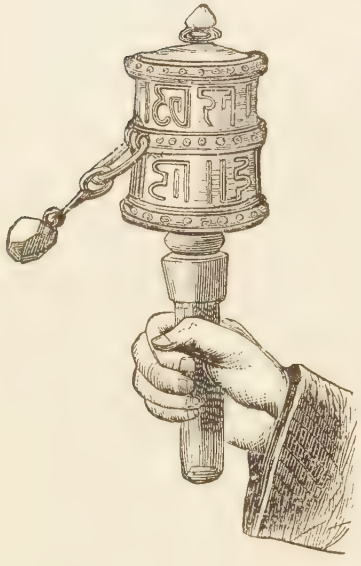
Hush! such a glory was not for thee;
But that care may still be thine;
For are there not little ones still to aid
For the sake of the Child divine?
Are there no wandering pilgrims now,
To thy heart and thy home to take?
And are there no mothers whose weary hearts
You can comfort for Jesus' sake?

O to have knelt at Jesus' feet,
And to have learnt his heavenly lore!
To have listened the gentle lessons He taught
On mountain, and sea, and shore!
While the rich and the mighty knew Him not,
To have meekly done His will!
Hush! for the worldly reject Him yet,
You can serve and love Him still.

Time cannot silence His mighty words,
And though ages have fled away,
His gentle accents of love divine
Speak to our souls to-day.
Hush! for He dwells among us still,
And a grace can yet be thine,
Which the scoffer and doubter can never know—
The Presence of the Divine.

THE HERMIT KINGDOM OF TIBET.*

BY THE REV. WM. KETTLEWELL.



TIBETAN PRAYER CYLINDER.

It is only during the past fifty years that the larger part of the world's population has become accessible to the Christian missionary. But so wonderful have been the openings, during this period, that the Church as a whole no longer prays for open doors, it being assumed that the whole world is open to the preaching of the Word. Yet, as a matter of fact, here is a country covering 700,000 square miles (nine times the size of Manitoba), and containing a population equal to that of the Dominion, which is absolutely closed against the missionary—the only country in the world of which this can be said. It is indeed "The Hermit Kingdom."

The barriers which so effectually exclude the influences of Christianity are natural, commercial, and religious. There are formidable natural barriers to intercourse with this great "closed land." The Himalayan and Yun-nan mountains constitute the southern scarp of Tibet, the Yun-ling mountains of China, the eastern scarp, the Kuen-Lun ranges, form the northern wall of enclosure, and on the west, where Tibet narrows to a breadth of one hundred and fifty miles, the Kara Kovum mountains meet the Himalayas. These mountains are from 20,000 to 28,000 feet above the level of the sea, and the passes, by which caravans of traders reach the borders of India and China, reach an altitude of 18,000 feet.

No considerable army has ever crossed these mountains. No railway will ever pierce them. Even a waggon road would seem a remote possibility. Isabella Bird Bishop, who visited Western Tibet, says: "The traveller who aspires to reach the highlands of Tibet cannot be borne along in a carriage or hill cart. Much of the way he is limited to a foot pace, and if he has regard for his horse, he walks down all rugged and steep descents, which are many, and dismounts at most bridges. By 'roads' must be understood bridle paths, worn by travel alone, across the gravelly valleys, but elsewhere constructed with great toil and expense. For miles at a time this road has been blasted out of precipices, from 1,000 to 3,000 feet in depth, and is merely a ledge above a raging torrent, the worst parts, chiefly those round rocky projections, being 'scaffolded,' i.e., poles are lodged horizontally among the

*The information contained in this article is obtained principally from "Among the Tibetans," by Isabella Bird Bishop; "The Great Closed Land," by Annie W. Marsden; and the "Missionary Review."

crevices of the cliff, and the roadway of slabs, planks, and brushwood, or branches and sods, is laid loosely upon them. This track is wide enough for a loaded beast, but in many places where two caravans meet, the animals of one must give way and scramble up the mountain side. In passing a caravan, my servant's horse was pushed over the precipice by a loaded mule, and drowned in the Suru."

Not only are the mountains a barrier to intercourse, but the climate of the country has favoured its isolation. The snow-capped mountains enclose the highest tableland in the world, the lowest part of which is 10,000 feet above the sea. The cold induced by this altitude is in such marked contrast with that of Northern India and Western China, as to form a sharp line of demarcation in the social conditions and life of the people on either side of the mountains, and there is but little intercourse between them.

The second barrier that excludes Europeans is a commercial one. Tibet is a dependency of China, and the Chinese, desiring to monopolize the trade, persuade the Tibetans that "wherever the Englishmen come, they soon possess the country. If once you let Englishmen into yours, you will lose it."

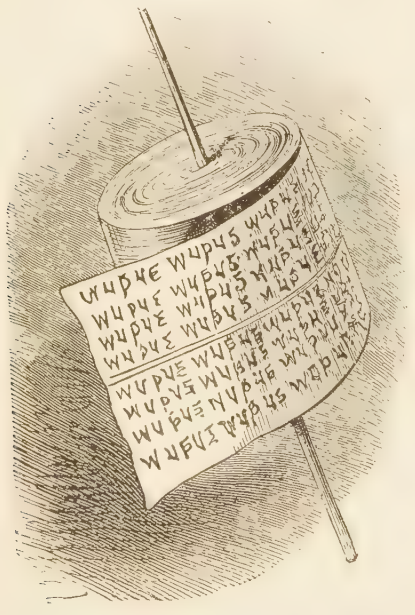
But the greatest barrier to the entrance of the missionary is the active opposition of the ecclesiastical authorities. The Buddhist priests know that if the missionary obtains the ear of the people, their supremacy will be lost, and therefore they persistently exclude all Europeans.

The history of the attempts of travellers and missionaries to enter the country is full of interest. The first Englishman to enter Tibet was George Boyle, who, in 1774, went on an embassy from Warren Hastings. The only Englishman who ever succeeded in reaching Lhassa, the sacred city of Tibet, and the headquarters of Buddhism, was an adventurer named Manning, who performed this feat in 1811, but who found it prudent to make his visit very brief.

About twenty-five years ago Chandra Das, a Bengali official of the Indian Government, was sent to Tibet for the purpose of obtaining information geographical and political. He disguised himself and travelled as a Tibetan monk; he became an inmate of two monasteries, after which he visited Lhassa, and even obtained an interview with the Dalai Lama, the Pope of Buddhism, after which he returned to India, bringing back large stores of valuable information.

More recently, a member of the China Inland Mission, Miss Annie Taylor, succeeded in visiting the interior of the country, but was compelled to return without reaching the sacred capital. In a village on the Indian frontier, she for fifteen months studied the Tibetan language. Despairing of entering the country from that point, she returned to China in 1891, and for a year worked among the Tibetans who lived on the Chinese border. From this place she attempted to reach Lhassa, accompanied by a Tibetan servant and two Mohammedans. On the 14th of October they entered the Golok country, which is governed by a queen. The Queen came to Miss Taylor for medicine, and gave her an escort of two Goloks. While here, one of the Mohammedans died from the effects of cold. When the journey to Lhassa was half accomplished, the other Mohammedan repented his promise to act as guide, fearing he should get into trouble for bringing a foreigner into Tibet, and he went in advance of them and proclaimed Miss

Taylor's approach. After entering the Lhassa district, and when but two or three days' march from the capital, she was met by soldiers who politely escorted her back to China, which she reached after an absence of seven months. Miss Taylor, with a large band of helpers, is sowing seed among the traders that annually visit the border towns of India, and is preparing herself and her associates to re-enter Tibet as soon as the closed gates shall open.



PRAYER-ROLL CONTAINED IN CYLINDER.

The greater part of the area of Tibet is taken up by bleak stretches of tableland, bare, stony, unsheltered, and destitute of verdure. In the northern and central parts there is hardly a tree or a shrub, but in some of the southern districts there are extensive forests, especially of apricot trees, the dried fruit of which forms the staple winter food of the inhabitants, and is also a profitable article of commerce. The most fertile valleys produce wheat, barley, and peas.

Tibet has been divided into three climatic zones—a south zone containing the settled and agricultural populations; a middle zone, comprising the pasture lands of the nomads; and a north zone, for the most part abandoned to wild animals.

The political divisions of the country are Great Tibet, Tibet Proper, and Little Tibet.

Great Tibet is the eastern part bordering on China and subdivided into eighteen states. Tibet Proper occupies the centre and contains about one-half the population. "The Kingdom of Lhassa" consists of the city of this name, and of the surrounding district, and is part of Tibet proper. Little Tibet, to the west of Tibet Proper, consists of five states, all of which are within the British sphere of influence.

The States composing Great Tibet are some of them ruled by independent chiefs, but almost all submit to the supremacy of China, the chief motive being to secure privileges of trade.

Tibet Proper has for its head the Dalai Lama (Grand Lama), the supreme head of the Buddhist religion. The actual government, however, is in the hands of a council of lamas (Buddhist priests), over which one lama presides, who is popularly known as the "King of Tibet," though his council is only supposed to act for the Grand Lama during his minority, but it is said that the Chinese Government find it convenient to arrange that the Dalai Lama shall never be other than a minor. The authority of the Tibetan hierarchy in things secular is shared with two Chinese Ministers of State, called Ambans, who are permanently established in Tibet. The court of Pekin also practically controls the succession of Dalai Lamas, whose temporal

or spiritual power somewhat resembles that of the Roman Catholic Pontiff. The Colonial Office at Pekin has the general superintendence of Tibetan affairs, but the Chinese official who is directly responsible for the government of Tibet is the Viceroy of Sz-chuan.*

The people of Tibet belong to the Mongolian family; they, as a rule, are more civilized than the Mongols, but less so than the Chinese. In figure they are short, strong, and active. They have round faces, flat noses, wide mouths, thin lips, and black eyes. Their skin is of a brownish yellow tint, but it is impossible to know what their complexion really is, for they never indulge in the luxury of a wash. Boyle tells how he once succeeded in persuading a lama to scrub his face with soap and water, but that he was so ridiculed by his companions and neighbours on account of his white face, that he never had courage to repeat the experiment. There is little difference in the style of dress between the men and the women; the latter are distinguished chiefly by their manner of dressing the hair. The men wear pigtails, the women generally allow their hair to hang loose or in an immense number of plaits which are rearranged about once a month.

The very poor wear only sheepskin clothing, the woolly side next the body. Those who can afford it, have a suit of woollen cloth for warmer weather. Both sexes wear trousers and long mantles with a girdle round the waist. Washing day seldom comes to a Tibetan home. The clothes are often worn uninterruptedly till they fall to pieces. They are much addicted to the use of tobacco and snuff, and make large use of various kinds of intoxicants.

* This is the Chinese province which adjoins Tibet, and the one in which our Canadian Methodist missionaries are labouring.

In character, the Tibetans compare favourably with other heathen nations. They are truthful, good-natured, industrious, and honest. Their great national failings are immorality, superstition, and dirt. They are friendly to Europeans, and do not show any hostility to missionaries, unless incited to it by official influences, ecclesiastical or political.

The houses vary in different districts. In some, they are built of brick and stone, and are often whitewashed or painted; they usually have two stories and flat roofs. The ground floor is almost always the stable, the people live up-stairs. In other districts the walls are built of mud, and the roofs are covered with branches and sods. But the greater part of the population of Tibet live in tents, supplemented very often by a wall or stone or mud—to break the force of the wind and protect from the snow.

The chief wealth of the Tibetans is in flocks and herds, their main occupation being the raising of sheep and goats, though in the more fertile districts they cultivate barley, wheat, buckwheat, and peas.

Tibetan families are generally small. One of the younger sons is made a priest, sometimes entering a monastery as an acolyte at the age of four or five years. The eldest son is not allowed to be a lama, but is responsible for managing the family affairs.

Girls are mostly married before they are eighteen, and are always purchased from their parents. If a woman does not marry, she becomes a nun or a beggar. Temporary marriages are frequently contracted for a fixed term, a month, six months, or for a longer period, so that a man who is often absent from home may have a wife in each place to which he goes for any length of time. The position of woman in Tibet is one of honour

and responsibility, as well as of hard work, and very seldom is buying or selling done without her leave. In the mountainous districts, polyandry is quite common. The eldest son brings home his bride to his father's house, and she accepts all his brothers as subordinate husbands, all her children being the property of the eldest brother, who is addressed by them as "Big Father," the younger brothers being saluted as "Little Father."

and he died, I should be a widow; if I have two or three, I am never a widow.'" Perhaps the main motive of polyandry is the keeping of the ancestral estate intact, when otherwise it would be divided among the sons.

On the other hand, polygamy is but little practiced, although it has been introduced from India and China.

Tibet possesses a vast literature, religious, historical, philosophical, and biographical. For many cen-

PRAYER CYLINDERS IN TIBET.

The prayers are inscribed on rolls within the cylinders. The passing traveller gives them a whirl and his multiplied petitions are supposed to have great efficacy.

Mrs. Bishop says: "The resolute determination, on economic as well as religious grounds, not to abandon this ancient custom, is the most formidable obstacle in the way of the reception of Christianity by the Tibetans. The women cling to it. They say, 'We have three or four men to help us instead of one,' and sneer at the dullness and monotony of European monogamous life. A woman said to me, 'If I had only one husband

turies the art of printing has been practiced from wooden blocks; but education is for the most part restricted to the lamas, who purposely keep the common people in ignorance.

The Tibetans are a very religious people, Buddhism being the all but universal religion; not, however, the philosophical Buddhism of India, but a development suited to the more illiterate. Dr. Pentecost says: "The Buddhist is the

most praying man alive. The Mohammedan is not in it with the Buddhist. He prays with his lips, he prays with wheels, which are turned by hand, by machinery, and by water. He also prays with flapping yards of calico, upon which thousands of prayers are printed, and attached to tall poles that, by the action of the wind, these prayers may be wafted to the extinct Buddha, who is *not*, in the eternal *nowhere*."

Lhassa, the sacred city of Buddhism, is for reasons previously stated but little known to Europeans. The circumference of the city is about six miles. The principal streets are wide and fairly clean. In the cathedral are represented over four hundred deified heroes of Buddhism. It contains 10,000 lamps, which are lighted on festival days.

The centre of religious interest is the residence of the Dalai Lama—which Miss Marsden calls the Vatican of Buddhism. There are more than 32,000 lamas in the district of Lhassa, living in thirty monasteries, the largest of which has 5,000 lamas. The adult male population is this district is about 300,000, so that one out of each ten adult males is a lama.

The acknowledged political and spiritual head of the whole religious system of Tibetan Buddhism is the Dalai Lama, "The incarnation of the Supreme Being." He is recognized as a never-dying Buddha; when, in common parlance, he dies, his soul is said to pass into the body of a little child, who is sought for over the whole country and is selected by the lamas by a process of divination. The Dalai Lama may be selected from any rank, and is frequently from the peasant class, this being a Chinese method to prevent the office falling to a powerful family. The chief duty of the Dalai Lama is to sit cross-legged in the temple, and hold out his hand in the attitude of benediction. He is supposed to be always in a state of abstract meditation for the good of mankind.

Under the Dalai Lama there are other dignitaries, whose position is similar to that of the cardinals in the Roman Catholic Church, and under these are the higher clergy, who are supposed to be incarnations of subordinate deities, or former saints. These have functions similar to those of the Dalai Lama, spending their time in praying for the locality in which they live.

There are various sects among the lamas, distinguished as red, yellow, black, and white lamas. They are under the vows of celibacy and live in monasteries, of which there are large numbers. The buildings usually occupy a commanding position, on a lofty rock, or a mountain spur, with temples, domes, and spires gleaming with gold.

Annie Marsden says: "There is a wide-spread belief in Tibet, among both lamas and laity, that the days of Buddhism are numbered. Many of the people are beginning to suspect that the whole system is a fraud. The lamas who admit that it is on the decline try to account for it by saying that the merits accumulated by former Buddhas are gradually diminishing . . . while laymen say that the fault is not with the Buddhas only, but with the whole system of Lamaism."

The Roman Catholic Church was the first to enter Tibet for missionary work. For five hundred years they have repeatedly attempted to enter the country. Sometimes their missions have obtained a brief foothold in Eastern Tibet, but as often the missionaries have been killed or driven out of the land and their premises destroyed. Indeed, as recently as 1887, all their stations were destroyed by fire, and the mission-

aries driven across the Chinese frontier.

The Moravians have the honour of being the first Protestant missionaries to the Tibetans. They began work on the Indian border in 1854. Ten years after they were given permission to travel in Ladak, a province of Lesser Tibet within the Indian sphere of influence, and in 1885, after thirty years of prayerful waiting, they were allowed to open a mission in Leh, the capital of the province. During these years, the Tibetan language has been mastered, the New Testament, and parts of the Old, translated and published, and seed sown that must result in a glorious harvest. The Moravians have fourteen missionaries engaged in this pioneer work.

The London Missionary Society since 1890 has had agents at work in the valleys of the Himalayas, among a border tribe of Tibetans. The Scandinavian Alliance Mission of the United States has seven missionaries at Darjiling, a mountain summer resort in British India, who are learning the language and making tours among the Tibetans, who visit or dwell in the Sikkam dependency. The Church of Scotland also has agents at the same point, doing similar work. The International Missionary Alliance has men on the same ground, and also two at Pekin, learning the language. Miss Annie Taylor has recently located on the Indian frontier with twelve helpers, waiting further developments.

Mr. and Mrs. Polehill Turner, of the China Inland Mission, have for several years been working among Tibetans on the border of the Chinese province of Sz-chuan. The officials have created difficulties and they are not allowed to cross the boundary into the "Hermit Kingdom."

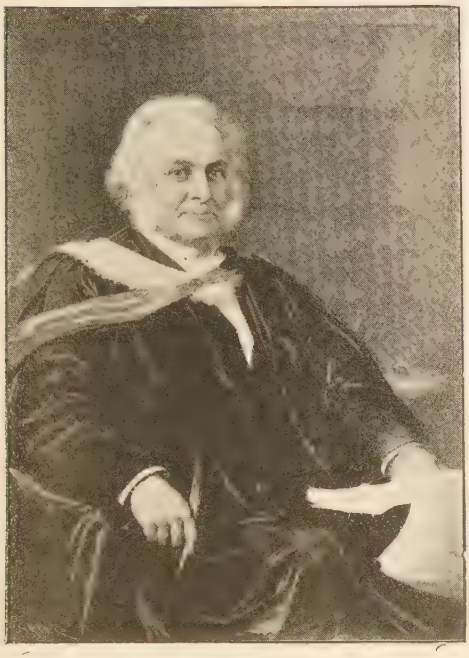
Mrs. Turner's sister, Annie W. Marsden, gives a most interesting account of their work, which has been very successful among the Tibetans to whom they have had access. Their comparative proximity to Chentu, where our own and the missionaries of other societies are labouring, prevents that utter isolation that the Moravians have experienced on the Indian frontier in Lesser Tibet. Perhaps the degradation of the Viceroy of Sz-chuan for his part in the recent riots at Chentu, may increase the comfort and security of the Tibetan missionaries in that province.

The fact that Tibet is the only country in the world closed to the Gospel may well create an interest in its people, and when we recall the courtesy of the people toward Europeans, so different to the suspicion and contempt of their Chinese neighbours; when we think of the veneration of the people for religion, and especially for religious books, which leads them to buy and read the Bible with great avidity, and when we remember the equality of the sexes, the absence of female seclusion, making them with men equally accessible to the Gospel, we are ready to join with the forty or fifty missionaries who are standing at the gates, in praying that the Hermit Kingdom may be opened, and that this interesting people may be brought to know Jesus as their deliverer from superstition, ignorance, dirt, and sin.

Galt, Ont.

In the pure soul, although it sing or pray,
The Christ is born anew from day to day;
The life that knoweth Him shall bide apart
And keep eternal Christmas in the heart.

—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*



THE REV. EGERTON RYERSON, D.D., LL.D.,
The first Principal of Victoria University.
(From a portrait by Mr. J. W. L. Forster.)

It is an interesting fact that our good Queen completes this sixth decade of her reign the same year that her Canadian namesake, Victoria University, completes the sixth decade of its history. The celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of Charter Day of Victoria University was an occasion of unique interest. As Professor Loudon remarked, as measured by Canadian standards, it made Victoria quite an ancient seat of learning. The admirable paper presented by Dr. Hough on that occasion was a record of which every Canadian, and especially every Canadian Methodist, might well feel proud.

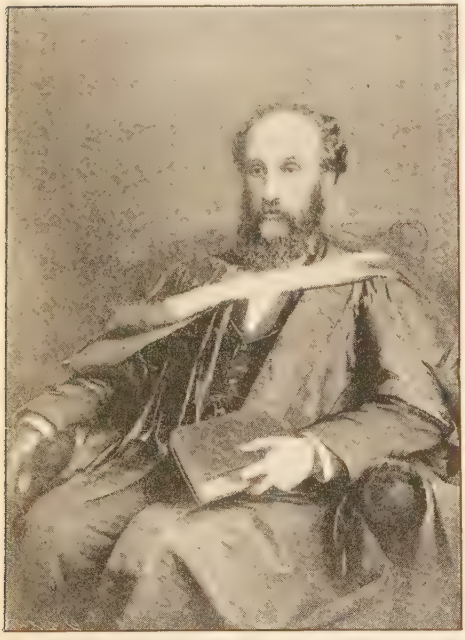
It was a brave act of those fathers of Methodism in this land —poor in purse, but rich in faith— to lay broad and deep the foundations of this institution of higher learning of that early date. They builded better than they knew. The subsequent history of that institution vindicated the wisdom of their act. It has sent forth hundreds of graduates who have filled with honour to their Alma Mater, and with advantage to their country, high places in professional, commercial, and industrial life. Many of these, but for the aid furnished by "Old Vic.," as they still affectionately name her, would never have received a liberal education.

The success of federation has more than justified the high hopes which it inspired. In four years the number of students has been doubled. The students of Victoria, in addition to the liberal prize list of their own university, have also access to the valuable prize list of the provincial institution and to the instruction of its learned professors as well as of their own. And they have not been slow in taking advantage of these opportunities. They have won their full share of those prizes, including the most important of them all, the scholarship of the annual value, for two years, of $750, with a possibility of its extension for a third year.

The tribute by Dr. Hough and Chancellor Burwash to the memories of the two previous distinguished presidents of Victoria College was both generous and just. These great educationists have largely helped to mould the intellectual life of this province. The bronze effigy of Dr. Ryerson, in a large part contributed by the school children of Ontario, is an enduring monument of the honour and affection in which he is held. But a monument more lasting than

brass is the educational work of Dr. Nelles, and his moulding influence on the minds of successive generations of students. Even now, any printed utterance of his is read with tender emotions by many hundreds of old Victorians, as a voice from the better world.

It is a happy circumstance that upon the walls of the new Victoria, the memory of these great men, with that of other generous



REV. S. S. NELLES, D.D., LL.D.,
The second Principal of Victoria University.
(From a portrait by Mr. J. W. L. Forster.)

friends of the university, is perpetuated in almost breathing canvas. The admirable portraits by Mr. J. W. L. Foster, have caught the very spirit, and express the character of those noble men whose lives were built into the fabric of our Methodist University. We have pleasure in presenting herewith photographic copies which represent, as far as mere black and white can do, the originals.

In the present chancellor, Victoria has found a worthy successor of these honoured early presidents.

Chancellor Burwash is singularly well-equipped for his position of responsibility and opportunity. In this age of specialization, few men have so large and varied scholarship in so many departments—in the classical, Semitic and modern languages; in science, metaphysics and political economy, and in his special department of theology. He is emphatically an all-round man—"teres et rotundus"—worthy to take rank with those great college presidents, Patton, McCosh, and Eliot.

The very expansion of the work of Victoria University makes it imperative to keep abreast of its golden opportunities. Its splendid building—one of the best on this continent—is paid for to the last dollar; but its income from endowment and fees does not yet quite equal its annual expenditure. The friends of higher education in the Methodist Church must therefore, if they would prevent the disaster of a deficit, rally to its support and increase its endowment. Through the energy of the Rev. Dr. Potts, our indefatigable Secretary of Education, a considerable number of short term subscriptions, running four or five years, have been secured, with a view to equalizing the income and necessary expense. To swell this amount is the best service which can be rendered Victoria University.

At our request Chancellor Burwash kindly furnished the manuscript of the admirable address given at the Charter Day celebration of Victoria University, which we present herewith.

THE . . .

Methodist Magazine and Review

. . . FOR 1897 . . .

A WORD TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

THE great majority of our Subscriptions expire with this December Number. The expense in getting out an issue of the MAGAZINE is so great that it prevents us continuing subscriptions to old subscribers without first receiving an intimation from them that they wish it continued.

If your subscription is one of those expiring with the December Number, we ask you therefore to favour us with Renewal Order at once on the blank Order Form. If you are unable to remit at the present time, we will gladly continue to send the MAGAZINE, and you may remit afterwards; but in this case an intimation that you wish it continued will be necessary.

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Is the strongest and best ever offered. We direct attention to the illustrated announcement contained in the advertising columns of this December Number.

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Methodist Magazine and Review

FOR 1897.

THE announcement for the forthcoming year is particularly strong, embracing illustrated articles on CABOT'S DISCOVERY OF CANADA—MAKING THE EMPIRE, or ROUND THE WORLD WITH THE UNION JACK—CANADIAN CARICATURE ART—IN THE BLACK BELT—NOR'ARD OF THE DOGGER—THROUGH BULGARIA—THE STORM CENTRE OF EUROPE—RURAL ENGLAND—THE ICELANDERS IN MANITOBA, Etc. A number of serial and short stories are announced, as: THE BOER'S DAUGHTER, A TALE OF MAJUBA HILL—THE MILLS OF GOD—A METHODIST SERIAL STORY—THE LOG OF A SKY-PILOT—THE GOLD BOOM IN CARIBOO, and others. A special feature of this magazine is its Popular Science Papers. Among these will be: THE REIGN OF KING TROLLEY—THE STORY OF THE RAILWAY—THE CURIOSITIES OF THE MICROPHONE—BRITAIN'S ROLE IN SCIENCE—LORD KELVIN AND HIS WORK. Social and Religious Topics and Missionary Articles, fully illustrated, will also be given. Up-to-date departments on the World's Progress, Recent Science, Current Thought, etc., will be maintained. Now is the time to subscribe.

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THE COLLEGE AND THE UNIVERSITY.

BY THE REV. N. BURWASH, S.T.D.,
Chancellor of Victoria University.

Victoria University is now entering upon the sixty-first year of collegiate work, and has just passed the sixtieth anniversary of her royal charter granted by his late Majesty, King William IV., in the final year of his reign. She has thus the honour not only to bear the name of our noble Queen, but also to parallel in her college career, at least in point of years, the most illustrious reign in British history.

During the past year the number of students, both in Arts and Theology, has reached the highest point in the record of sixty years. There have been enrolled 227 students in Arts, of whom 179 are pursuing the regular undergraduate course for B.A.; in Theology 128, of whom 27 are university graduates in Arts, pursuing the course for the degree of B.D. The net enrolment in the two faculties for the year is 253. The numbers are now reaching that point which may be considered a large college, perhaps quite as large as is consistent with the highest college efficiency. The largest college in Oxford numbers less than 300 students, and Cambridge has but one college exceeding that number.

In the university examinations of May last, Victoria students have won two of the four university medals awarded (these are apart from our Victoria medals awarded to-day). They have gained four of the nineteen scholarships, including the richest gift at the disposal of the university, the Exhibition Scholarship of 1851. They have also carried off the only two university prizes awarded for the year. As they represent one-fifth of the total number of students in Arts it will be seen that this is an excellent record.

The educational ideal of Victoria from the beginning has been that of the college. Supported and founded as she has been by the Christian Church, it is clearly outside of her calling to provide mere technical learning for the secular needs of the country. The motive of her work must be moral in its character, and the moral end must shape the work which she attempts to do. Both the subject matter and the manner of her teaching, as well as the whole spirit of her inner life, must contribute to the great moral end of her work.

A few days ago, at the University Convocation, the learned President of the University of Toronto, set before us most lucidly the ideal of our university work, and at the same time endeavoured to draw the line between college and university work. He seemed to feel that it was an anomaly that the college should teach languages and literature while the university took charge of the sciences.

That line of cleavage seems to us to be in the very nature of the case the most suitable one possible. The fundamental idea of the college is the development of the individual man. It is essentially composed of seniors and juniors, men who act as guides and men who follow their leadership in the pursuit of spiritual development. College life implies a common life under a common rule in a common house and in a daily fellowship of work. Its result should be the production of educated men,

men of liberal culture. And the curriculum, the subjects of study, should be those which furnish the best means of broad mental and spiritual development. For many generations the Humanities, as they have been called, i.e., literature and moral philosophy, have been recognized as the best implements for this purpose.

In looking at this subject, attention has been too often fixed upon the mere language and philology, as if they were the matters with which we had to deal. This is decidedly a mistake. Philology as a science does not differ in its discipline from biology, or any of the so-called natural sciences. And for this very reason, that in the treatment of Italian and Spanish we can do little more than master the philological forms, we have been satisfied to let these take their place with the sciences rather than with the modern literatures. But notwithstanding this slight apparent inconsistency, we think our university is in the right line in assigning the ancient and modern literatures with moral philosophy to the colleges, and the wide field of the sciences to the university. If there is any inconsistency, it is in separating history from the other humanities.

But it may be asked, Why appropriate these humanities to the college and relegate science to the university? Because the work of the college is to mould and perfect the man, to form his intellect, his entire fashion of thinking and expressing his thought, giving him not only the best material but also the best form. This implies fulness, strength and beauty of intellectual life. Now we know of no way in which this can be attained so perfectly and effectively as by association for a few years of student life with the best thoughts of the best men of all the ages. As we study a Plato or a Paul our minds are moulded to their model. We learn to imitate those whom we admire and love. The world's greatest and best men have stamped their personality on the literature which they have left behind them. And the young secure the richest intellectual treasures and at the same time the most perfect intellectual form from converse with the world's best literature. Of this course of study, philosophy is the appropriate culmination carrying both matter and form to the supreme summit of intellectual life in the highest, widest, and most accurate thought which man can reach.

Of the humanities as the implement of education, the sciences may well furnish the complement. No man can include them all in the multiplicity of scientific research of the present day. But every educated man should at least know something of scientific method by a thorough study of one or more sciences, and every man should at least be furnished with the fundamental facts of the universe which the scientific advance of the age has made commonplaces of our modern thought. The wide field of university work may thus be made to supplement the college course by judicious selections according to the individual preferences and needs of the student. But as Matthew Arnold has so fully shown, spiritual development is promoted by literary rather than by scientific studies. A man may become even an eminent specialist in science and yet have very little claim to liberal culture. But while literary and philosophical studies form the primary educational force of the college, they by no means stand alone. The moral tone of the college society is scarcely less important than its subjects of study. It is, of course, one important duty of a college faculty to form this tone.

In the great English universities the intimate association of the student with his tutor affords peculiar opportunity for the exercise of this influence. And the same thing is true in the closer relations which subsist between professor and student in the compact circle of college life. A university professor who lectures to five hundred or even two hundred students can scarcely know any of them personally. A college professor who sits down with a class of twenty very soon knows each one intimately, understands fully his intellectual, moral and social peculiarities, and brings to bear upon him the power of his own personality. His high ideals of scholarship, his love of truth for its own sake, his reverence for all truth as coming from and revealing the great Father of our spirits, all this he imparts to the little circle around him. But side by side with this direct influence, if he is a gentleman and a Christian, even these elements of personal character, his sense of honour, his justice, his integrity, his kindliness, his faith in God, all impress themselves upon the young men with whom he comes in daily contact. To accomplish fully our college work we need in our professors not merely scholarship, but also the very highest type of manhood, and it is this impress of the good man upon the plastic soul of the young which constitutes the very heart of our work.

A third important element of our college life as an educational force is the influence of students upon each other. It may even be that this is the most potent force of the three. The association of our minds with the world's best thought is, of course, a mighty factor for good. The personal influence of high-toned men as teachers and examples is a mighty power, but the contact of young men and women with each other in the intimate association of daily life is not inferior in potency to either of the others. In this respect the college is a higher representative of the life of the people who furnish its students. Christ Church College at Oxford represents the aristocratic life of England. Baliol represents the earnest student life, the young philosophy. In a university with many colleges the peculiar character of college life, the college type, may be set by a tradition, or by the influence of a master man who draws to the college men of his own type, or by a provincial association which makes one college the college of the west, or south, or east, as the case may be. In our own college the type is largely influenced by church relations. And if religion is the most important and potent factor in human life, then a college type founded in religious and moral affinities is certainly not to be lightly regarded.

The relation of the college to the university we regard as of the highest importance. The university must furnish the country with its needed higher learning, that which it uses in all the varied activities of a country's life. The university is just as essential to the country as its courts of law and boards of trade. If we would have the advantage as a nation of the best knowledge of the age, we must furnish our young men and women with the means of obtaining it. And those who attain to the highest knowledge in their special line must be the leaders and teachers of their fellow-citizens in that line. But in the attainment of this special knowledge there is no necessary element of higher culture. The most perfect chemist may have not one whit more culture than the most skilful blacksmith. Each has attained certain elements of know-

ledge and certain skill of hand and certain intellectual and physical power in consequence. These are not things to be despised or disparaged, either in the blacksmith or the chemist, and may become the starting point of the finished culture of Tyndall or Elihu Burritt.

But to attain this culture something else is needed besides the attainment of mere technical knowledge even in half a dozen sciences. That can be gained only by contact with the best heart of humanity, its noblest and most beautiful thought. And that is crystallized in our literature. The college then which handles in its daily work the masterpieces of Greece and Rome, the lofty ideals of the Hebrew prophets, singers and wise men, the perfect ethical and religious conceptions of the New Testament, the heroic examples of history in Church and State, and completes all the highest studies in ethics and religion, has in its hands all the elements of the higher culture which, completed by the severe learning of the university, should give us the very best types of Canadian young men and women.

Let our common university then furnish all our young people with the most perfect scholarship in all the sciences. Let our colleges bring them into contact with the noblest and most beautiful life and thought of all the ages and so refine and perfect their spiritual nature.

This was the ideal of those who planned the university federation movement. Something like this had already grown into historic form in the great English universities, and it was thought that by the union of the Churches with the State, each in its separate sphere, something of no small value might be attained for our Canadian national life. We certainly have the elements from which several types of college life might be evolved, an English type from Trinity or Wycliffe, a Scottish type from Knox or Queen's, a puritan type, sturdy in moral manhood, from McMaster, a Canadian type which we shall not attempt to describe, from Victoria. And why should not all drink from the scientific fountains of a common university, and yet each be strong in some distinctive element of culture while imparting to the others something of the strength and beauty of its own distinctive college type ?

We are not without hope that even yet this ideal may expand to greater completeness. In spite of the disturbing influence of traditions and personal equations, it has already proved a marked success in Victoria. Both our Church and our students are beginning to feel that all the advantages of the university are theirs to enjoy, and at the same time all the bright, happy, helpful influences, social, moral, religious, as well as intellectual, of their own college home. In four years our numbers have doubled, and it is already becoming apparent that to fulfil her mission, Victoria must have not merely a residence, which we sorely need, but a second college, for we have already almost reached the limit of true college efficiency. An overgrown college is a very helpless thing. The lion, not the elephant, is the king of beasts. The world's overgrown empires have all fallen to pieces. The Hebrews, Greece, the Roman Republic, each reached the summit of life as a small and compact people. And so the college life attains its greatest power within moderate limits. The university may expand and subdivide indefinitely according to departments and professional schools held together by the bond of mutual helpfulness. But the college is essentially a

unity of individual men seeking a higher spiritual life, and if it becomes too large its moral forces are not increased but dissipated. Victoria has already contributed one strong, healthy college to the national university. Perhaps ere long we may add another, and from our own experience we can most heartily recommend our brethren of other Churches to go and do likewise.

FULFIL THY WORK.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

It chanced upon the merry, merry Christmas Eve
I went singing past the church, across the moorland dreary
"Oh! never sin and want and woe this earth will leave,
And the bells but mock the wailing sound, they sing, they sing so cheery.
How long, O Lord, how long before thou come again?
Still in cellar, and in garret, and on moorland dreary,
The orphans moan, and widows weep, and poor men toil in vain,
Till the earth is sick of hope deferred, though Christmas bells be cheery."

Then arose a joyous clamour from the wild-fowl on the mere,
Beneath the stars, across the snows, like clear bells sweetly ringing,
And a voice within cried, — "Listen! — Christmas carols even here!
Though thou be dumb, yet o'er their work the stars and snows are singing.
Blind! I live, I love, I reign; and all the nations through
With the thunder of thy judgments even now are ringing;
Do thou fulfil thy work, but as yon wild-fowl do,
Thou wilt heed no less the wailing, yet hear through it angels' singing."

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Sound over all waters, reach out from all lands,
The chorus of voices, the clasping of hands;
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn,
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born.
With glad jubilations
Bring hope to the nations!
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.

Sing the bridal of nations, with chorals of love,
Sing out the war vulture and sing in the dove,
Till the hearts of the people keep time in accord,
And the voice of the world is the voice of the Lord!
Clasp hands of the nations
In strong gratulations;
The dark night is ending, the dawn has begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace,
East, west, north and south, let the long quarrel cease;
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing glory to God and good-will to man.
Hark! joining in chorus
The heavens bend o'er us.
The dark night is ending and day is begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.

THE PRIVILEGE OF THE LIMITS.

BY EDWARD W. THOMSON.

Author of "Old Man Savarin."

EDWARD W. THOMSON.

Edward W. Thomson, who has in recent years gained marked distinction as a writer of fiction, first made a name for himself as a political leader writer for the Canadian press. He was born in St. Andrew's, Province of Quebec, and for some years pursued his profession as civil engineer and surveyor. In his stories he has embodied some of the personal experiences that have befallen him. His knowledge of the quaint, humorous mixture of patois and broken English spoken by the Quebec habitant is accurate. The settlements of Highland Scotsmen in and about Eastern Ontario and the valley of the Lower Ottawa are familiar to him, and the accompanying story illustrates his appreciation of Scottish types and characteristics. Mr. Thomson was attached to the editorial staff of the Toronto *Globe* about fifteen years ago. He was often one of the writers in the press gallery of the House of Commons at Ottawa during the session, and as such did yeoman service with the pen. For a long time he developed his talent for writing stories, simultaneously with the somewhat steady drudgery of an active contributor to the daily press, until in 1890 he decided to devote his whole time to literary work at once congenial and productive of permanent success. He left Canada to reside in Boston as the editor of the *Youth's Companion*, a post he still holds. His collection of tales entitled "Old Man Savarin" has brought him still more prominently into view, and the critics have been heartily, yet discriminatingly, eulogistic. Much of the man comes out in his writings—the satiric humour, the vivid grasp of subject, the sense of proportion, and the power of clear narrative.—*The Westminster.* The following story is copyright, and is published by special arrangement with William Briggs, Toronto, publisher of "Old Man Savarin."

"Yes, indeed, my grandfather wass once in gaol," said old Mrs. McTavish, of the county of Glengarry, in Ontario, Canada; "but that wass for debt, and he wass a ferry honest man whateffer, and he would not broke his promise—no, not for all the money in Canada. If you will listen to me, I will tell chust exactly the true story about that debt, to show you what an honest man my grandfather wass.

"One time Tougal Stewart, him that wass the poy's grandfather that keeps the same store in Cornwall to this day, sold a plough to my grandfather, and my grandfather said he would pay half the plough in October, and the other half whateffer time he felt able to pay the money. Yes, indeed, that wass the very promise my grandfather gave.

"So he wass at Tougal Stewart's store on the first of October early in the morning pefore the shutters wass taken off, and he paid half chust exactly to keep his word. Then the crop wass ferry pad next year, and the year after that one of his horses wass killed py lightning, and the next year his brother, that wass not rich and had a big family, died, and do you think wass my grandfather to let the family be disgraced without a good funeral! No, indeed. So my grandfather paid for the funeral, and there was at it plenty of meat and drink for eferypody, as wass the right

Hielan' custom those days; and after the funeral my grandfather did not feel chust exactly able to pay the other half for the plough that year either.

"So, then, Tougal Stewart met my grandfather in Cornwall next day after the funeral, and asked him if he had some money to spare.

"'Wass you in need of help, Mr. Stewart?' says my grandfather, kindly. 'For if it's in any want you are, Tougal,' says my grandfather, 'I will sell the coat off my back, if there is no other way to lend you a loan;' for that was always the way of my grandfather with all his friends, and a bigger-hearted man there never wass in all Glengarry, or in Stormont, or in Dundas, moreofer.

"'In want!' says Tougal—'in want, Mr. McTavish!' says he, very high. 'Would you wish to insult a gentleman, and him of the name of Stewart, that's the name of princes of the world?' he said, so he did.

"Seeing Tougal had his temper up, my grandfather spoke softly, being a quiet, peaceable man, and in wonder what he had said to offend Tougal.

"'Mr. Stewart,' says my grandfather, 'it wass not in my mind to anger you whatefer. Only I thought, from your asking me if I had some money, that you might be looking for a wee bit of a loan, as many a gentleman has to do at times, and no shame to him at all,' said my grandfather.

"'A loan?' says Tougal, sneering. 'A loan, is it? Where's your memory, Mr. McTavish? Are you not owing me half the price of the plough you've had these three years?'

"'And wass you asking me for money for the other half of the plough?' says my grandfather, very astonished.

"'Just that,' says Tougal.

"'Have you no shame or honour in you?' says my grandfather, firing up. 'How could I feel able to pay that now, and me chust yesterday been giving my poor brother a funeral fit for the McTavishes' own grand-nephew, that wass as good chentleman's plood as any Stewart in Glengarry! You saw the expense I wass at, for there you wass, and I thank you for the politeness of coming, Mr. Stewart,' says my grandfather, ending mild, for the anger would never stay in him more than a minute, so kind was the nature he had.

"'If you can spend money on a funeral like that, you can pay me for my plough,' says Stewart; for with buying and selling, he wass become a poor creature, and the heart of a Hielan'man wass half gone out of him, for all he wass so proud of his name of monarchs and kings.

"My grandfather had a mind to strike him down on the spot, so he often said; but he thought of the time when he hit Hamish Cochrane in anger, and he minded the penances the priest put on him for breaking the silly man's jaw with that blow, so he smothered the heat that wass in him, and turned away in scorn. With that Tougal Stewart went to court, and sued my grandfather, puir mean creature.

"You might think that Judge Jones—him that wass judge in Cornwall before Judge Jarvis that's dead—would do justice. But no, he made it the law that my grandfather must pay at once, though Tougal Stewart could not deny what the bargain wass.

"'Your Honour,' says my grandfather, 'I said I'd pay when I felt able. And do I feel able now? No, I do not,' says he. 'It's a disgrace to Tougal Stewart to ask me, and himself telling you what the bargain was,' said my grandfather. But Judge Jones said that he must pay, for all that he did not feel able.

"I will nefer pay one copper till I feel able,' says my grandfather; "but I'll keep my Hielan' promise to my dying day, as I always done,' says he.

"And with that the old judge laughed, and said he would have to give judgment. And so he did; and after that Tougal Stewart got out an execution. But not the worth of a handful of oatmeal could the bailiff lay hands on, because my grandfather had chust exactly taken the precaution to give a bill of sale on his gear to his neighbour, Alexander Frazer, that could be trusted to do what was right after the law play was over.

"The whole settlement had great contempt for Tougal Stewart's conduct, but he was a headstrong body, and once he begun to do wrong against my grandfather he held on, for all that his trade fell away; and finally he had my grandfather arrested for debt, though you'll understand, sir, that he was owing Stewart nothing that he ought to pay when he didn't feel able.

"In those times prisoners for debt wass taken to gaol in Cornwall, and if they had friends to give bail that they would not go beyond the posts that was around the sixteen acres nearest the gaol walls the prisoners could go where they liked on that ground. This was called 'the privilege of the limits.' The limits, you'll understand, wass marked by cedar posts painted white about the size of hitching-posts.

"The whole settlement was ready to go bail for my grandfather if he wanted it, and for the health of him he needed to be in the open air, and so he gave Tuncan Macdonnell of the Greenfields, and Aeneas Macdonald of the Sandfields, for his bail, and he promised, on his Hielan' word of honour, not to go beyond the posts. With that he went where he pleased, only taking care that he never put even the toe of his foot beyond a post, for all that some prisoners of the limits would chump ofer them, and back again, or maybe swing round them, holding by their hands.

"Efery day the neighbours would go into Cornwall to give my grandfather the good word, and they would offer to pay Tougal Stewart for the other half of the plough, only that vexed my grandfather, for he was too proud to borrow, and, of course, every day he felt less and less able to pay on account of him having to hire a man to be doing the spring ploughing and seeding and making the kale-yard.

"All this time, you'll mind, Tougall Stewart had to pay five shillings a week for my grandfather's keep, the law being so that if the debtor swore he had not five pounds' worth of property to his name, then the creditor had to pay the five shillings, and, of course, my grandfather had nothing to his name after he gave the bill of sale to Alexander Frazer. A great diversion it was to my grandfather to be reckoning up that if he lived as long as his father, that was hale and strong at ninety-six, Tougal would need to pay five or six hundred pounds for him, and there was only two pounds five shillings to be paid on the plough.

"So it was like that all summer, my grandfather keeping heartsome, with the neighbours coming in so steady to bring him the news of the settlement. There he would sit, just inside one of the posts, for to pass his jokes, and tell what he wished the family to be doing next. This way it might have kept going on for forty years, only it came about that my grandfather's youngest child—him that wass my father—fell sick, and seemed like to die.

"Well, when my grandfather heard that bad news, he wass in a terrible way, to be sure, for he

would be longing to hold the child in his arms, so that his heart wass sore and like to break. Eat he could not, sleep he could not; all night he would be groaning, and all day he would be walking around by the posts, wishing that he had not passed his Hielan' word of honour not to go beyond a post; for he thought how he could have broken out like a chentleman, and gone to see his sick child, if he had stayed inside the gaol wall. So it went on three days and three nights pefore the wise thought came into my grandfather's head to show him how he need not go beyond the posts to see his little sick poy. With that he went straight to one of the white cedar posts, and pulled it up out of the hole, and started for home, taking great care to carry it in his hands pefore him, so he would not be beyond it one bit.

" My grandfather was not half a mile out of Cornwall, which was only a little place in those days, when two of the turnkeys came after him.

" ' Stop, Mr. McTavish,' says the turnkeys.

" ' What for would I stop?' says my grandfather.

" ' You have broke your bail,' says they.

" ' It's a lie for you,' says my grandfather, for his temper flared up for anybody to say he would broke his bail. ' Am I beyond the post?' says my grandfather.

" With that they run in on him, only that he knocked the two of them over with the post, and went on rejoicing, like an honest man should, at keeping his word and overcoming them that would slander his good name. The only thing besides thoughts of the child that troubled him was questioning whether he had been strictly right in turning round for to use the post to defend himself in such a way that it was nearer the gaol than what he wass. But when he remembered how the gaoler never complained of prisoners of the limits chumping ofer the posts, if so they chumped back again in a moment, the trouble went out of his mind.

" Pretty soon after that he met Tuncan Macdonnell of Greenfields, coming into Cornwall with the waggon.

" ' And how is this, Glengatchie?' says Tuncan. ' For you were never the man to broke your bail.'

" Glengatchie, you'll understand, sir, is the name of my grandfather's farm.

" ' Never fear, Greenfields,' says my grandfather, ' for I am not beyond the post.'

" So Greenfields looked at the post, and he looked at my grandfather, and he scratched his head a wee, and he seen it was so; and then he fell into a great admiration entirely.

" ' Get in with me, Glengatchie—it's proud I'll be to carry you home;' and he turned his team around. My grandfather did so, taking care to keep the post in front of him all the time; and that way he reached home. Out comes my grandmother, running to embrace him; but she had to throw her arms around the post and my grandfather's neck at the same time, he was that strict to be within his promise. Pefore going ben the house, he went to the back end of the kale-yard which was farthest from the gaol, and there he stuck the post; and then he went back to see his sick child, while all the neighbours that came round was glad to see what a wise thought the saints had put into his mind to save his bail and his promise.

" So there he stayed a week till my father got well. Of course the constables came after my grandfather, but the settlement would not let the creatures come within a mile of Glengatchie. You might

think, sir, that my grandfather would have stayed with his wife and weans, seeing the post was all the time in the kale-yard, and him careful not to go beyond it; but he was putting the settlement to a great deal of trouble day and night to keep the constables off, and he was fearful that they might take the post away, if ever they got to Glengatchie, and give him the name of false, that no McTavish ever had. So Tuncan Greenfields and Aeneas Sandfield drove my grandfather back to the gaol, him with the post behind him in the waggon, so as he would be between it and the gaol. Of course Tougal Stewart tried his best to have the bail declared forfeited; but old Judge Jones only laughed, and said my grandfather was a Hielan' gentleman, with a very nice sense of honour, and that was chust exactly the truth.

CARRYING THE POST IN FRONT OF HIM.

"How did my grandfather get free in the end? Oh, then, that was because of Tougal Stewart being careless—him that thought he knew so much of the law. The law was, you will find, that Tougal had to pay five shillings a week for keeping my grandfather in the limits. The money wass to be paid efery Monday, and it was to be paid in lawful money of Canada, too. Well, would you belief that Tougal paid in four shillings in silver one Monday, and one shilling in coppers, for he took up the collection in church the day pefore, and it wass not till Tougal had gone away that the gaoler saw that one of the coppers was a Brock copper—a medal, you will understand, made at General Brock's death, and not lawful money of Canada at all. With that the gaoler came out to my grandfather.

"'Mr. McTavish,' says he, taking off his hat, 'you are a free man, and I'm glad of it.' Then he told him what Tougal had done.

"'I hope you will not have any hard feelings toward me, Mr. McTavish,' said the gaoler; and a real decent man he wass, and for all that there wass not a drop of Hielan' blood in him. 'I hope you will not think hard of me for not being hospitable to you, sir,' says he; "but it's against the rules and regulations for the gaoler to be offering the best he can command to the prisoners. Now that you are free, Mr. McTavish,' says the gaoler, 'I would be a proud man if Mr. McTavish of Glengatchie would do me the honour of taking supper with me this night. I will be asking your leave to invite some of

the gentlemen of the place, if you will say the word, Mr. McTavish,' says he.

"Well, my grandfather could never bear malice, the kind man he was, and he seen how bad the gaoler felt, so he consented, and a great company came in, to be sure, to celebrate the occasion.

"Did my grandfather pay the balance on the plough? What for should you suspicion, sir, that my grandfather would refuse his honest debt? Of course he paid for the plough, for the crop was good that fall, and he promised to pay as soon as he felt able.

"'I would be paying you the other half of the plough, now, Mr. Stewart,' says my grandfather.

"'Hoich, but you are the honest McTavish!' says Tougal, sneering.

"But my grandfather made no answer to the creature, for he thought it would be unkind to mention how Tougal had paid out six pounds four shillings and eleven pence to keep him in on account of a debt of two pounds five that never was due till it was paid."

BETHLEHEM.—Matt. xi. 6.

BY HORATIUS BONAR.

They speak to me of princely Tyre,
That old Phœnician gem,
Great Sidon's daughter of the north;
But I will speak of Bethlehem.

They speak of Rome and Babylon—
What can compare with them?
So let them praise their pride and pomp;
But I will speak of Bethlehem.

They praise the hundred-gated Thebes,
Old Mizraim's diadem,
The city of the sand girt Nile;
But I will speak of Bethlehem.

They speak of Athens, star of Greece,
Her Hill of Mars, her Academe,
Haunts of old wisdom and fair art;
But I will speak of Bethlehem.

Dear city, where heaven met with earth,
Whence sprang the rod from Jesse's stem,
Where Jacob's star first shone; of thee
I'll speak, O happy Bethlehem!

BABE JESUS.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

Babe Jesus lay in Mary's lap;
The sun shone on his hair;
And this was how she saw, mayhap,
The crown already there.

For she sang: Sleep on, my little king,
Bad Herod dares not come;
Before thee sleeping, holy thing,
The wild winds would be dumb.

I kiss thy hands, I kiss thy feet,
My child so long desired;
Thy hands shall never be soiled, my sweet;
Thy feet shall never be tired.

For thou art the king of men, my son;
Thy crown I see it plain;
And men shall worship thee, every one,
And cry, Glory! Amen.

Babe Jesus opened his eyes so wide!
At Mary looked her Lord.
And Mary stinted her song and sighed;
Babe Jesus said never a word.

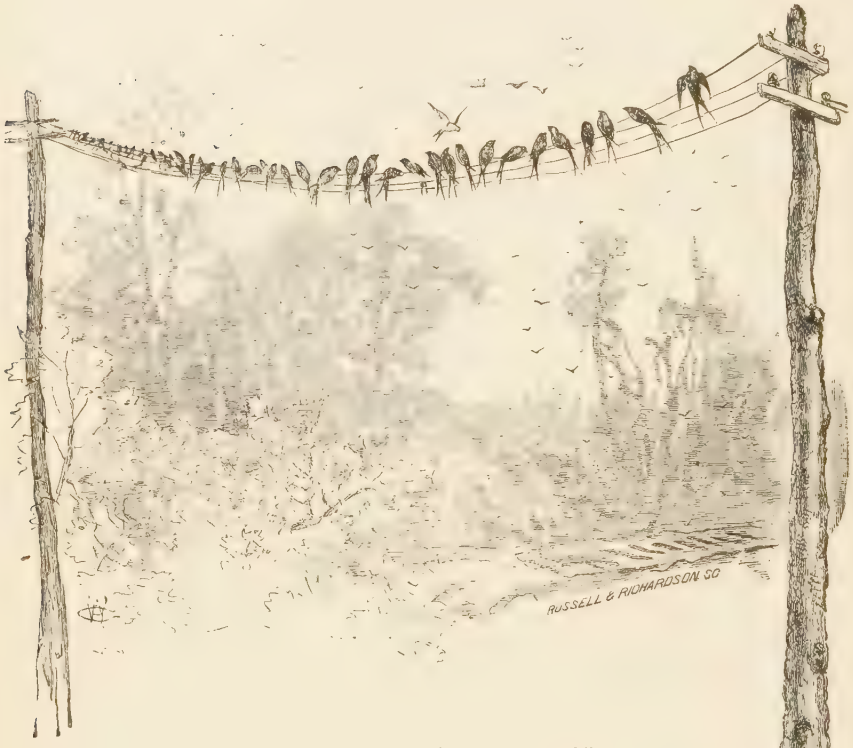
CHRISTMAS IN THE HEART.

What is the thought of Christmas?
Giving.
What is the hope of Christmas?
Living.
What is the joy of Christmas?
Love.
No silver or gold is needed for giving,
If the heart is filled with Christmas love,
For the hope of the world is kindly living
Learned from the joy of God above.

—*Laura Hooker.*

THE ROMANCE OF THE TELEGRAPH.

BY MARIAN NORMA BROCK.



THE MORNING QUERY: "WHAT'S THE NEWS?"

For every gain the price must be paid. Though forgotten for the most part, this truth will force itself upon us at times with strange vividness, till we are awed by the conception of what even our smallest and commonest blessings have cost. The comforts and advantages of railway travel, for instance, are so common a good that we do not stop in our hurry to appreciate them, and seldom, if ever, pause to pay a tribute in thought to the memory of the man who, with patient toil, struggled against all opposition until the first "Puffing Billy" was lumbering on its way. To the thousands who are to-day employed on the world's railway lines, on the faithful discharge of whose duties million of lives depend, we do not give a thought, unless when reminded of our obligation by some newspaper account of a railway man's laying down his life for his passengers; or, on the other hand, of the terrible consequences of one man's neglect of duty.

Utilitarian as it is, however, the telegraph still possesses for every one some romantic interest. Practically only half a century old, we

cannot yet forget the great boon it has been to mankind. Each one of us has his own little story of some time when the electric telegraph did him a never-to-be-forgotten service. What a tremendous debt we should have, could we make out a bill of the world's total indebtedness to the telegraph!

And yet so thoroughly matter-of-fact people are we, the telegraph office fails to excite either awe or veneration in the hearts of those of us most unused to it, and we send off our messages on the mysterious wires without once thinking, perhaps, how our words are to find wings to speed them on their long journey across the country or over-sea. Nothing can more effectually quicken our dull sense of the wonderful than an excursion into the fairy-land of science. Mr. J. Munro, in his volume, "The Romance of Electricity," * introduces us to a wonder-world, and his chapters on the "telegraph" cannot fail to intensify one's interest in the magic voice, which our Indians in their picturesque language call the Voice of the Great Manitou.

Although the history of practical electric telegraphy includes a period of little more than half a century, the idea of thus using electricity is much older. Its early history possesses a fascinating interest, beginning with the discovery that the electric influence of a charged Leyden jar was transmissible by an insulated wire. The earliest proposal based on this discovery is supposed to have been that of an anonymous letter in the Scot's Magazine in 1753, in which the use of as many insulated conductors as there are letters in the alphabet was suggested. The message was to be sent by charging the proper wires in succession, and received by observing the movements of small pieces of paper, marked with the letters of the alphabet, and placed near the ends of the wires.

The next important advance was made by Lomond, who used only one line of wire and an alphabet of motions. Next came the discovery of the action of the galvanic current on a magnet. The application of this to telegraphic purposes was suggested by Laplace, and at once taken up. Faraday's discovery of the induced current produced by passing a magnet through a helix of wire, forming part of a closed circuit, was laid hold of by several scientists and brought to considerable perfection in 1838. The receiving apparatus consisted of a multiplier, in the centre of which were pivoted one or two magnetic needles, which either gave the message by the movement of an index, or by striking balls of different tone, or recorded it by making ink dots on a ribbon of paper. In the United States, however, as early as 1835, Morse had made a rude working model of an instrument, which within a few years was so perfected that, with slight modification in detail, it has been in use ever since.

For electro-telegraphic communication between two places, the first thing necessary is an insulated conductor extending from the one to the other. This is familiarly called "the line" or "the wire." The apparatus for generating the electric action is called "the transmitter" or "sender." The apparatus which, at the other end of the line, renders the effect of this action perceptible to any of the senses, is called the "receiving apparatus" or "instrument." In the overground system of telegraphs, the main line usually consists of a "galvanized" iron wire about a quarter of an inch in diameter, stretched through the air from pole to pole at a sufficient

* London: Religious Tract Society. Toronto: William Briggs.

height for security. The supporters, or insulators, by which it is attached to the poles, vary in form and arrangement, but consist essentially of a stem of glass, porcelain, coarse earthenware, or other non-conducting substance.

In charge of these lines are the hundreds of "linesmen," whose duty it is to keep the line in repair, which in wild countries is often a hazardous occupation. In journeying along the line, often many miles from the station, the linesman may fall a victim to some wild beast, or lurking savage, or meet with an accident where there is no one to come to his aid. In China, when the telegraph line was built at Foochow, the people broke it every night, believing it would cast an evil spell over the country. They considered even the shadow of a pole falling across a tomb as a desecration, and as the graves in China are often in the private gardens, it was difficult to secure "way leaves," for neither love nor money would induce the Chinaman to tolerate this sacrilege. The natives of Senegal have a superstitious dread of what they call the "white man's talking-jumbo," and both line and linesmen are left unmolested. In Coomassie, the natives left the white man's wire alone after they had constructed a thread line of their own and so satisfied their self-respect.

In the early days in Australia—those days so few years back that Max O'Rell laughs at the word "early"—several erecting parties were attacked by the aborigines and massacred. In one case the constructing party managed to inspire the prowling natives with a wholesome awe of the wire by slyly giving them a few electric shocks. The mysterious influence awakened such terrors amongst them that they gave the telegraph a wide berth ever after. Other native tribes of Australia have been remarkably hostile to the telegraph, cutting up the wire to use in making tips for their spears, and breaking the insulators to use as scrapers. Indeed, such bitter enemies are they that many of the stations of the great overland wire, stretching from Adelaide on the south, to Port Darwin on the north, are built as fortresses.

Of such a character is the station at Barrow's Creek, where a desperate attack was made by the natives. The buildings formed three sides of a square, embracing a courtyard, which was closed by a massive gate, the only entrance to the station. The place was occupied by eight persons—a telegraph master, six linesmen, and a native boy. The whole party were quietly enjoying themselves outside the station in the cool, sweet twilight of the Sabbath evening, when a large band of natives suddenly approached at the eastern corner of the station, flourishing their spears and charging directly upon them. Unarmed as they were, there was nothing for the telegraph party to do but to spring to their feet and make a dash for the gate. They were scattered by a shower of weapons before they could reach it. Thinking the blacks would follow, they rushed round the building. The ruse succeeded, and they finally gained the courtyard and closed the gate. All who were able armed themselves and soon compelled the savages to retreat. But the telegraph master was fatally wounded, and only lived a few hours, one of the linesmen died from his injuries just after entering the courtyard, and three others were found to be severely wounded.

Notwithstanding such perils, however, disease is a greater enemy to the telegraph clerk than the savage. In hot climates, hundreds of operators have fallen a prey to malaria or Yellow Jack. When the country is visited by a plague,

the duties of the telegraph clerk become multiplied, thus rendering him a more likely victim. When a pestilence was raging at Granada, all the telegraphists succumbed except Mr. Redding, who became the sole link between the stricken community and the outside world. By his indefatigable labours he managed to attend to the tremendous traffic of the town, besides writing reports to the New York Times and Cincinnati Inquirer. At the end of one of his despatches to the latter paper, he said he feared his writing would be unintelligible, as there were four persons down with the fever and one corpse in the room in which he was writing. The patients were his wife, mother, and two sisters; the corpse was that of his child ! He himself was stricken by the dread disease and died a hero—aye, as brave a hero as ever fell on battlefield or on man-of-war !

Not long since, when the yellow fever broke out in Florida, Miss Davis remained at her post in Jacksonville when all the other operators were down with the disease. She worked morning, noon, and night, not even taking proper time for her meals. So noble a woman was she it does not seem that she was at all conscious of being a heroine.

Among the foes of the telegraph itself, none are to be compared with the ravages of the elements. Their work is never-ceasing; slow and imperceptible at times, sudden and furious at others, but always effective. The posts rot away in a very few years; the wires rust in the open air; gales of wind often level dozens of poles at one swoop, tangling the wires, or hurling trees across them. Sometimes one of our Canadian storms of sleet, by covering poles and wire with too heavy a burden of ice, will cause their downfall over the whole sweep of the storm—perhaps two hundred miles in extent.

The animal creation often offers a vigorous opposition to the land wires. In some parts of Norway, the lower part of the poles has to be protected in order to keep the bears from clawing them to pieces, under the supposition that the humming of the wires is the drone of insects within the posts. The large woodpecker of Norway, and the green woodpecker of California, probably deceived in the same manner as the bears, bore myriads of holes in the posts. Our busy Canadian woodpecker appears to be more sagacious—at least his attacks on the telegraph pole have not been frequent enough to be anywhere recorded. In the tropics, the posts have to be treated with creosote, where iron poles are not used, to prevent the destructive raids made by the white ants. Monkeys find the wires of the telegraph make delightful performing bars, and frequently use them in their gymnastic exercises, thus causing a serious leakage of the current. Mischief-loving elephants, in the glory of their strength, will occasionally perform the feat of levelling a dozen poles or more. The bison, on the plains of the Great West, found the accommodating posts could be pleasantly used as currycombs. They were, however, not at all durable for this purpose, as the bison gave them vigorous usage. To protect the poles from such treatment, sharp iron spikes were driven into a large number of them. But this ingenious device did not work well, for the buffaloes regarded the spikes as a great improvement to their currycombs, and chose the spiked poles every time in preference to the others.

Electricity is a fiery steed, which, when kept under control, is as

beneficent as Pegasus, but man has not yet learned to master it in all its moods, and it breaks out in fits of wild, destructive rage. In the form of lightning it has not yet been subdued, and is a deadly enemy of the telegraph. It is customary to cut the instrument out of the line circuit on the approach of a storm. This, however, is not always done in time, and the unhappy operator get a thumb or finger burned by a spark from the signalling key, or is blinded and deafened by the shock. At Readville, United States, a young lady who was sitting at a window near her instrument during a thunderstorm, was struck by a flame which leaped from the circuit to her neck, killing her instantly.

The aurora borealis, as is well known, is always accompanied by disturbances of the earth's magnetic condition, which naturally affect the sensitive needles of the telegraph. During the great aurora of February 4, 1872, the telegraph instruments at Toronto were for some time enveloped in a blaze of light, and sparks could be drawn from any part of the circuit.

These "earth currents," as such disturbances are called, even in their mildest moods, are subject to strange freaks. It is as if bogles were tampering with the instrument—signals not made with human hands are registered, bells are sounded, and inflammable material is ignited by their weird agency.

Since the advent of the telegraph, it has played an important part in the different wars. Mr. Munro relates an interesting incident of the Franco-German war of 1870. The Uhlans, on arriving at a village, would ride up to the telegraph office, cut the connections and carry off the apparatus, or else employ it to deceive the enemy. They were, however, cleverly outwitted on one occasion. Mademoiselle Juliette Dodu, a girl of eighteen, was director of the telegraph station of Pithiviers, where she lived with her mother. The Prussians entered the town, took possession of the station, and turned out the two women, whom they confined in an upper room.

It so happened that the wire from the office, in running to the pole on the roof, passed by the door of this room, and the girl determined to "tap" the Prussian messages. She had contrived to keep a telegraph instrument and, by means of an attachment from the wire, succeeded in securing important despatches of the enemy. These were secretly sent to the sub-prefect of the town, and forwarded to the French commander. The strategy was at length discovered, and Mademoiselle Dodu sentenced to death, but news of the armistice arrived in time to save her life, and she afterwards received the decoration of the Legion of Honour from the President of the French Republic.

During the American Civil War, many of the operators of the service became so expert as to be able to receive messages on their tongues by the "taste" of the current. In the Indian Mutiny, the telegraph played an important part, indeed, Mr. Montgomery, the Judicial Commissioner, declared "the electric telegraph has saved India."

The submarine cable—the telegraph under water—consists of a strand of copper wire, or conductor of the electric current, covered with several continuous coatings of gutta-percha. The different coatings are usually separated by a thin coating of Chatterton's compound—a mixture of resin, gutta-percha, and Stockholm tar. As salt water is an admirable preservative of gutta-percha, it was thought, when the cable was in contemplation, that its durability

would be almost infinite. And were sea-water the only thing a cable had to encounter in its bed "in the slimy bottom of the deep," this would be true. It was soon found, however, that near the land, at least, where storm waves lashed the water to its depth, the cable would be burst asunder, or worn through, in time, upon the rocks. But in the depth of the ocean no danger could be foreseen, though in 1865, Dr. W. H. Russell prophetically remarked: "As a mite would in all probability never have been seen but for the invention of cheese, so it may be that there is an undeveloped creation waiting perdu for the first piece of gutta-percha which comes down, to arouse his faculty and fulfil his functions of life—a gutta-percha boring teredo, who has been waiting for his meal since the beginning of the world." Even while he wrote, his shrewd prophecy was being fulfilled; the small devourer of gutta-percha was at work.

The first cable taken up was found loaded with millions of small shell-fish, or snails, and little worms, which had eaten deep into the gutta-percha. These destructive worms,. known to British naturalists as the Limnoria terebrans, are able by a single meal to render a cable perfectly useless, and are, unhappily, to be found in almost all the great waters of the world. Recent cables have been made with a brass tape closely wound about the outer coating to prevent these ravages.

Cables when brought up for repair bring with them much to interest the naturalist. A cable lifted from Pentland Frith was found overgrown, in part, with sea-tangles eight feet long, and, in other parts, covered with barnacles to a depth of six inches. Mr. Munro writes of a repairing expedition to a section of the Western and Brazilian Company's cables, which he accompanied. He says: "We were chiefly at work off the island of Marajo, in the estuary of the Amazon. The cable had only been submerged about a month; yet it came on board the ship at places literally covered with barnacles; at others overgrown with submarine vegetation, crabs, and curious shells, often of singular delicacy and beauty. The sea-weeds were in great variety clinging to the cable, sometimes in thick groves of red and yellow algae; slender, transparent, feathery grasses; red slimy fucoids, and tufts of amethyst moss. We found branching coralline plants upwards of a foot in height growing to the cable, the soft skeleton being covered with a fleshy skin, generally of a deep orange colour. Sometimes a sponge was found attached to the roots of these corals, and delicate calcareous structures of varied tints incrusted the stems of all these plants, and served to ornament as well as to strengthen them. Parasitic life seems to be as rife under these soft tepid waters as it is on the neighbouring tropical shores. Many star-fishes, zoophytes, and curious crabs were likewise fished up on the cable."

The water itself contains some elements destructive to the cable. The manganese and iron-oxides of the Atlantic, and the copper "banks" and sulphur "beds," and the springs of oil or pitch of the Gulf of Mexico rot the sheathing of the cable. Earthquakes and submarine volcanoes are supposed to have been guilty of breaking cables, lines having been found near Western Australia not only broken in pieces, but so embedded in the bottom as to render it impossible to raise them with the grapnel.

The cable has another foe in ice, in places where this lies in great masses. The cause of ruptures made by ice was for some time a

mystery. An officer in one of her Majesty's Scientific Corps came forward with a brilliant solution. He wrote to the papers saying these breakages were due to the fact, which he had just discovered, that the world was getting larger—growing bigger and bursting its garments, as it were. This suggestion was worthy of the lady who wrote The Times, in 1858, after the failure to lay the Atlantic cable, expressing her opinion that cables would be better sub-coelum instead of submarine, and suggested Gibraltar Rock, the Peak of Teneriffe, and the Andes, as suitable points of suspension !

Many instances are on record of cables being damaged by the saw-fish. It is supposed that this is a bad-tempered fish which in its grubbing in the mud, strikes the hard cable, and in its resentment, deals it a sharp blow with its saw, piercing the cable, and sometimes leaving behind a broken tooth caught between the wires. The cable, too, has its human enemies. Coolies have been known to steal a river cable, cutting it to pieces to plant the bits in order to have a growth of cables. The Chinese likewise did much damage to the early cables, first from a sense of fear, believing it to be an evil demon which they wished to destroy—afterwards to use it in making ornaments for their personal adornment !

Thus it is by constant and mighty labour that the countries of this earth are "knit together by cords," so that we may speak from land to land and from shore to shore, even the great deep no longer forming an impossible barrier to man's ready intercourse with his brethren over-sea.

AT CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

So blithe this hour, when once again
The star glows steadfast in the sky ;
So hope attuned, when human pain
Grows less for faith that help is nigh ;
So hallowed, when the angel train
With song and harp are passing by.

Once more, between the midnight's gloom
And the pale rose of breaking dawn,
Heaven's matchless lilies wake and bloom,
And far athwart the east are drawn
The pencilled sunbeams which illume
All pathways men must journey on.

Again the sages and the seers
Bend low before a little Child ;
And o'er the long and stormful years,
The desert spaces vast and wild,
The strife, the turmoil, and the tears,
He looks and smiles, the Undefiled.

'Tis Christmas-tide ! At Mary's knee
The shepherds and the princes meet !
Love-bound in dear humility,
To clasp the infant Saviour's feet.
The star is bright o'er land and sea ;
The Gloria song is full and sweet.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

CHRISTMAS JOY.

"What means this glory round our feet,"
The Magi mused, "more bright than morn?"
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born."
"What means this stir?" the shepherds said,
"That brightness through the rocky glen?"
And angels, answering overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, good-will to men !"
'Tis eighteen hundred years and more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb ;
We wait for Him, like them of yore :
Alas ! He seems so slow to come.
But it is said, in words of gold,
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold
In perfect trust to come to Him.
All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet life which is the law.
So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds, then ;
And kindly clasping hand in hand,
Sing "Peace on earth, good-will to men !"

—*James Russell Lowell.*

HIRAM GOLF'S RELIGION.

SHOEMAKER BY THE GRACE OF GOD.

BY GEORGE H. HEPWORTH, D.D.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM EARTH TO HEAVEN.

No man can ever know how many friends he has until he is either sick or dying. The tender regard or the robust respect which may exist throughout the community seems to keep under cover, as though it were evidence of weakness to show itself until something unexpected or extraordinary happens, and then it suddenly blossoms into manifestation with touching and pathetic eagerness. While one is in health and vigorously making himself felt by his fellowmen, he is entirely unconscious that he is held in such affection that no plummet can sound its depth; but when the unforeseen occurs, and he drops out of the competitive struggle, it breaks forth like sunshine on an April day.

Hiram Golf was a more important element of village life in Woodbine than either he or any one else dreamed. His value was discovered only after his exit. He passed most of his time in quiet seclusion, and never intruded his counsel. But on every public occasion he rose to leadership by the force of social gravitation. His strong common sense, his absolute fairness of judgment, his lack of mere fanaticism, his personal independence and the rather reckless manner in which he asserted it, his boldness in criticising both men and measures, made him a marked man. No debate was concluded until his voice had been heard, for he had a pungent way of stating a case, and a forceful though somewhat rude eloquence, which threw him to the front in every emergency.

Of course he had enemies. Opinions are not worth much unless they kindle opposition, and men who see things from circumference to centre, and tell their thoughts with perfect frankness, are likely to be misunderstood. Some called him a crank, and ventured to protest against his freedom of speech. Others attributed to him, during the heat of discussion, motives which he would have disdained to cherish.

And of course he had friends, a multitude, both in Woodbine and among the angelic host, for he was a manly man, with a conscience as well as a brain. The poor people adored him, for his unobtrusive charity had stood them in good stead in many a pinching hour of need. Had he and they lived in the olden time and in the suburbs of ancient Athens, they would have regarded him as a blood relation of the gods on high Olympus, for there was a dignity in his utterance and a latent authority in his advice which were like a hand of iron in a glove of velvet.

It was generally conceded that, though somewhat eccentric, he was a man of ideas; that he was in deadly earnest both in his work and in his religion; and that he lived like one who was engaged in the inspiring task of laying up treasures in heaven with the full belief that his books would be carefully examined and his future decided by the accountant's verdict. He asked nothing except an honest labourer's wages for the present life and a grass-plot in the

graveyard when his toil was ended, looked every one squarely in the face, and had nothing to conceal. In other words, he was the happy possessor of that omnipotent and magical something known as character.

Hiram, the shoemaker, was one of God's noblemen; and when Death, with unwilling footsteps, walked across that little veranda, on which his victim had sat during so many summer evenings with a kindly word for every passer-by, and knocked at the kitchen door, he seemed sorry that he had to perform so unwelcome a duty. Yes, Death felt that he had a mournful task, and hesitated.

But Hiram, as he lay on his couch, received this strange visitor with the affable courtesy of a Christian. He wanted to live a little longer, because, as he said to John Jessig, there were some things which he would like to attend to personally. "But still," he added, with a languid smile, "if the Lord has made different arrangements it's all right, and He will find some one else to look after these matters."

When Jonas Crimp, a woodcutter, blind of one eye, with a wife and four children dependent upon him, called at the Golf cottage and insisted upon seeing Hiram, because it might be the last time, as he told Martha, the sufferer heard his voice and cried, "Let him come in, wife."

The poor fellow brushed away a tear with his rough and calloused hand as he said, "Hiram, you made a man of me. I was gone in drink, and the children was well-nigh starvin'. I felt a coldness at my heart, for the world was on top of me, holdin' me down, and I got desperate. Never a kind word from any one but you, Hiram. They all let go of me, and I don't blame 'em; but you hung on, and here I am on my feet again."

Hiram's eyes lighted up. His lips trembled, and so did his voice. "When I get up yonder, Jonas," he whispered, "may I tell 'em what you say? May I ask 'em to send some investigatin' angel down to Woodbine to call on you, Jonas Crimp? for I may need to prove that I have not been an unprofitable servant. I shall be there tomorrow, or the next day, Jonas, and if I can tell the Lord what you say it will be a great comfort."

Two hours later, during which he had slept restlessly, he exclaimed, "Oh, what a blessed thing it is to do good!" He was still thinking of Jonas, and the woodcutter's words were ringing in his heart like a chime of bells. "Oh, what a privilege to bring a soul out of darkness into light!" He looked upward with enraptured glance, as though the ceiling and the roof had disappeared and he was gazing at the starry heavens. "To be able to do God a real service!" he murmured. "To be a co-worker with Christ! To preach to the lost, the lost, the lost, until their sins are blotted out by tears of repentance! Ah, parson," and he turned to John, who sat by his side, "that makes life worth livin'."

He was exhausted by the effort, and, turning on his side, fell once more into slumber. But his lips still moved, and a smile played about them, as though he were listening again to what Jonas had said.

When John took Hiram's poor, thin hand in his, and in a voice broken by emotion repeated the words of David, "'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,'" the patient sufferer finished the quotation: "'For Thou art with me,'" and there he hesitated for an instant. Then he began again, "'For Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.' Yes, parson," he added, "I have often thought of this hour,

and wondered how I should stand the ordeal. You see, my good friend, that I am dyin' very comfortably."

"Still cheerful, Hiram, still cheerful," and John was so bowed down by personal grief that he spoke with difficulty.

Hiram pressed John's hand gently, and replied, "Rejoice in the Lord alway, alway, alway. I am able to do that, parson, and it seems easy to do it, easier than I feared it might be. There's only a short road behind me, though I've lived more'n sixty year, and a part of it lies through darkness; but there's a long road ahead, and its brightness—O parson, I can't describe it. What a good-natured creature Death is after all! We've made a mistake about him. He isn't what we have thought him, John Jessig. He's gentler, and kinder, and more considerate. See how smooth he's makin' my path! I'm goin' on, and on, and on, and when him and me stand on the other shore, and he tells me to follow the shinin' Cross and I'll reach the City, I'll say to him, 'Dear Death, you have done for me more than life ever did or could do. I want to apologize for some hard thoughts I've had about you.' Yes, parson, there's nothin' half so easy as dyin' when by dyin' you reach the home where there ain't no more tears and no more night."

At midnight Hiram woke after troubled sleep. His breathing was a little heavier than usual, and he was evidently affected by some strong emotion.

"I have seen Him!" he whispered.

"Seen whom, Hiram?" asked John.

"Him! How wonderful! I fear I am almost impatient to have it over with. But it can't last long now. A few hours more, only a few hours more—and then!"

"Him?" and John's cheeks grew pale. He too was labouring under a great deal of excitement.

"Yes, the Saviour! My dear Lord! He stood on the farther bank of a narrer stream, but it was deep and black, and beckoned to me. He is waitin' for me, parson. Think of it! The Lord is there waitin' for the shoemaker! Oh, that face! Those robes of light! There wasn't no look of sorrer nor even pity on His face, but an expression of welcome. He seemed to be glad that my workin' days is ended, glad that I am to have a new body, glad that I am to be young again."

"Then, Hiram, you are not sorry that heaven is so close at hand? You have no desire to come back, my friend?"

"Come back?" and there was a look of pain on Hiram's face at the thought. "Come back?" he said feebly. "Parson, don't speak of sech a thing! I have seen too much to want to stay here any longer. I know now why the sight of heaven is hid from us. We couldn't bear it. No one sees it until he is where I am. It is better so. We should be unwillin' to live unless we was kept in ignorance. The longin' to go would make us restless and unhappy. When one sees what I have seen, he can't stay no longer. 'As the hart pants for the water-brooks, so panteth my soul for Thee, O God!"

"What are them?" he asked a little later on.

"Some wild flowers, Hiram, which Jane Green brought you. She gathered them in the woods half-way up in the hills."

"Ah yes, ah yes. Let me take 'em in my hand. It will be my last look at the beautiful things of the earth."

He held them tremulously for a moment. "Poor Jane!" he said. "God bless the good woman. She was down-hearted, with two sick children, and nothing laid by

for the rent. It was very kind of her to think of me."

The morning dawned bright and clear. John looked out of the cottage window and watched the stars as they grew paler and paler, while the sun crept up to the hill-tops, as though saying its cheery good-morning to the awakened villagers. A cool and gentle breeze broke the surface of the lazy Cheroquee into ripples, and a gossamer tissue of mist rose from the meadows, half frightened at the sudden appearance of that imperious and blazing orb.

This was John's first experience with death. His mother had died while he was still in his cradle, but his father remained, a hale and hearty old man of nearly seventy-five. Brothers and sisters he had none, and when from time to time some relative of the family had withdrawn the veil and entered the mysterious land, it seemed a far-away incident, unconnected with any severe sense of personal loss. But here was a very close friend, humble as the world goes, noble as God reckons, whose hand was on the very door of the tomb, and who was about to enter in the serene faith that he would be roused from sleep by angels and conducted to a radiant home far away from the ills of this present life. He was mentally impressed and morally subdued by the strange spectacle. Words failed him, but his heart and his eyes were full. The Sabbath-day of a soul was dawning. He could almost hear the echo of that chorus with which the faithful are awakened, and yet was startled into something like exaltation by the thought that Hiram, sure of himself, without even a lingering doubt, was not merely ready for the summons, but was listening for it with something like eagerness. His attitude was not that of a man who bends under a heavy burden, and cries, "Thy will be done," but of one who is glad to step from darkness into light, from the weariness of the body into the rest of immortality, and who transfigures Death by warmly grasping his hand and saying, "Thank you!" John marvelled in spite of himself. He had expected much, but not quite this. "Religion can do many things," he said to himself, as he looked out upon the reddening clouds in the east, "but to do this! Ah, how wonderful, how glorious it is!"

Martha was sitting by her husband's side. John had insisted on watching with him, and the wife had stolen a few hours of unwilling and hardly restful sleep. Twice she had risen during the night and peered through the doorway, but John nodded his head to assure her that all was well, and motioned her back. With the first streaks of morning her eyes opened wide and refused to close again. She could no longer stay away from the patient man by whose side she had travelled for many, many years of life's strange journey, and so sat there, gazing at that wan face, her eyes dry, but her heart beating its sad requiem.

Hiram woke as a ray of sunlight fell on his face.

"Marthy," he whispered, and there was a pathetic tenderness in his voice.

"Yes, Hiram."

He lifted his hand and pointed upward. "It's not fur now, dear wife, not fur. I am pretty well tired out, but I'm happy and expectin'. My Father's mansion! They're openin' the gates! Jest a little while and you'll come too, Marthy. Don't be nervous when you hear 'em call. We've grown old together, Marthy. Blessed years! A little trouble and misgivin' once in a while, but it don't seem nothin' now. Tell our boy my last thoughts was of him. I don't care if he grows rich, but, ah,

if he keeps good! Be sure and tell him that. I shall see you and him on the other side, but you fust, I hope. When you come, don't be in the leastwise timid. Some of us will be right there to meet you, and I guess the Lord 'll let me be among them that says good-mornin' !"

John saw that the end was rapidly approaching, and, in low tones, mellowed by his grief, he repeated the Lord's Prayer, Hiram, with eyes closed and hands folded across his heart, uniting in the little service. The dying shoemaker was as calm as one who is about to start on a journey, his trunks all packed, hat in hand, standing at the doorway and waiting for the tramp of the horses' feet. As to fear, he had none. His triumphant faith had sustained him during many a hard trial, and it was quite sufficient for the present emergency.

"You will soon be with God, my dear brother," said John.

Hiram turned his eyes wearily on the speaker's face, and still true to his old self, and still quaint as ever, replied, "Parson, I have been with Him all my life."

"You will soon be in heaven, Hiram—that is what I mean."

"Yes, in heaven!" was the feeble response, and a strange and beautiful smile irradiated his face. "Yes, in heaven! and soon! This pain ain't easy to bear, because I'm growin' weaker, but it can't last much longer. My soul is loosenin' its chains. I can hear 'em as they drop, one by one. Then I shall be free, free!"

Then occurred an incident which afterward furnished John with many a thoughtful hour. I have pondered over his description of it, and it has seemed more and more wonderful. And yet, why should I think it marvellous? Is not the world full of experiences which strike us with awe—experiences the very remembrance of which fills the eyes with tears and the heart with wonder? Cannot every household which has been visited by death duplicate what happened in that lowly cottage on the outskirts of Woodbine? Mothers who have nursed their children until the Lord took them to His arms, husbands who have watched through the still hours by the bedside of the dying wife, will tell you that the last hours are sometimes filled with startling revelations which show that the other world and this one are so close to each other that it is but a single step across the boundary. The departing enjoy privileges which are not vouchsafed to the rest of us. They see sights and hear sounds to which others' eyes are blind and others' ears are deaf.

While John was still holding Hiram's hand and the good wife was tearfully leaning over him, he gave a quick, convulsive sob. It was apparently the last effort of expiring nature. The perfume of the morning crept through the open window, and the splendour of the sun filled the room and made fantastic figures on the carpet. That sob was not only portentous, but thrilling. The cheeks of the onlookers grew pale, and their hearts stood still, for death, when undoing the last chains of bondage, produces an effect which is almost terrifying. One cannot speak, he simply waits. The all-conqueror is present, and seems to be both impatient and inexorable.

A convulsive sob ! Then came that ominous exhalation, like a long-drawn sigh, as though the soul in its extremity were loth to part with the body in which it had lived so long—a sigh of pity for those who are left, a sigh of relief that all is over, the good-bye of the spirit as it closes the door of earth and enters heaven.

John and Martha were motion-

less, spellbound. Neither uttered a word for a full minute. They looked at each other, and each wondered whether the other knew that Hiram was no longer there.

At last John hoarsely whispered, "He has gone! God's will be done."

There was no reply, unless, indeed, the sob of a breaking heart was a reply.

But see! The eyelids are moving and the lips are trembling. What can it mean? He has not gone yet! Not quite yet! The sleeper is about to wake. Slowly, oh, so slowly, those eyelids part, and Hiram gazes about the room like one who has been looking at a bright light and can hardly trust himself. He does not at once recall those dear ones at his side, but scans their faces like one trying to catch the clue of memory and is hardly able to do so. Then comes a sudden gleam of recognition, and a smile rests on his lips.

"I thought—I—I thought——" he begins, in tones which seem like an echo, and then stops, as though the effort to speak were too great, or as though the soul, having once surrendered its control of the body, finds it difficult to regain it.

"Yes, yes, Hiram," said John, stooping low over the sufferer.

"Why, how strange all this is!" he murmured. "Is that you, parson? And that is my Marthy? I thought I was in heaven! I was among the angels! I saw—I saw—and now I am here again. Ah, they're comin' once more! Can't you see 'em? How many, many there be! The bells is ringin'. And those voices! They are callin', callin', callin'. Good-bye, good——"

Then the eyes closed for the last time, and all was still. Death had completed his task, and borne his prize to the other shore. Hiram had crossed the border, and would return no more.

And yet the sun shone! Not in mockery of human sorrow, I ween, for there is neither indifference nor sarcasm in nature, but in glad welcome to the new-born soul that was taking its first few steps in the glorious journey to the throne. Yes, the sun shone! The world must go on whether men live or die. And it seemed a symbol of that holy faith which lightens the dark places of earth and fills with divine radiance even the dark valley.

Two years later I visited Woodbine, and my old classmate, John Jessig. The conversation naturally turned to my own struggles and his since our college days, and then he told me this story.

"Let us make a pilgrimage to his grave," he said.

There it was, in a grassy corner of the little churchyard, a bright and cheerful spot for one's body to rest in.

I read these words on the tombstone:

"Hiram Golf, shoemaker by the grace of God."

"He would have it so," said John. "It was one of his last requests. He believed that all work is God's work."

"And it was your privilege to minister to his faith in holy things, John."

"Yes, but it was also his privilege to minister to mine. I gave him little, he gave me much. He was a priest without the robes of office, a humble labourer in the vineyard, an honest creature, a true friend. His life was incarnate Christianity. His death—well, my dear boy, such as he never die. The villagers remember him with gratitude, and speak of him often. He is of the few who enjoy two immortalities, one there and one here. Would there were more like him."

THE END.

THE ROMANCE OF MISSIONS.

BY O. R. LAMBLY, M.A., D.D.

The centennial year of the London Missionary Society has furnished a most opportune time for the publication of an intensely interesting volume entitled, "The Story of the L. M. S." Its pages contain a recital of lofty purposes, heroic self-sacrifices, and glorious achievements, whose inspiration and accomplishment can alone be found in over-mastering love for God and for men. This account of the Society's efforts to plant the Gospel banner among the dark and benighted peoples of the earth, contains the records of many a thrilling adventure—of powerful and persistent opposition, and of signal and glorious deliverances, wrought by the mighty power of God, that seem more akin to the unfoldings of a romance than to the chronicles of stern and sober reality. Many and marvellous are the accounts of Christian heroism in connection with missionary labours, on various continents of the earth and isles of the seas. The names of some of those martyred missionaries are as "familiar in our ears as household words," whilst there are others but little known to fame. I wish briefly to recall the names and recount the deeds of two of God's heroes in pioneer missionary work in southern sunny lands.

On the northern bounds of South America lies a little strip of territory, known as Guiana. In extent, it is about equal to the province of Ontario. It is the only part of that continent possessed by European nations, and is divided among the English, Dutch, and French. The largest of these divisions is called British Guiana—a little part of Great Britain's possessions that has come into recent prominence in connection with the Venezuelan boundary dispute. The climate of Guiana is constantly affected by trade winds and sea breezes, and is therefore of a mild and balmy character. The soil is exceedingly fertile, and produces tropical fruits and spices in abundance.

In this remote and isolated colony is laid the scene of one of the most thrilling and eventful chapters in the records of missionary achievements. The foundations of Christian missions were laid in this far-off dependency of the British Empire, amid the expiring throes of an institution characterized by John Wesley as "the sum of all villainies." The chief events recited in this paper are contemporaneous with the gigantic and successful efforts for the liberation of the British slaves.

The first agent sent out by the London Missionary Society was the Rev. John Wray. His sterling piety, unflinching courage, and indomitable will, gave him special fitness for the difficult and trying position he was called to fill. In February, 1808, he landed in Demerara. The first Christian services among this mixed population were held on the Le Resonvenir plantation; and remind one of the primitive Christian gatherings in apostolic times, when on the banks of the Tiber, and in the cities of Asia Minor, masters and slaves worshipped and communed together. From its inception, this mission work among the blacks of Guiana was strenuously opposed, both by the planters and the authorities. But the work of religious instruction and chapel

building went steadily on. Before sunrise, and after sunset, Mr. Wray daily gathered the dusky sons and daughters of toil, to teach them of Jesus and His love. In less than three years the opposition culminated in a Government proclamation, prohibiting these gatherings of the slave population for religious instruction and devotion. Mr. Wray was not of the spirit and temper to quietly give up the conflict. He immediately sailed for England. On his arrival, he submitted the cause of his proteges to the proper authorities, and in six months from the time of sailing he was back on his mission battlefield, bearing a royal proclamation, under which the downtrodden slaves were permitted to receive religious teachings, during certain hours, daily.

With these enlarged opportunities for mission work, new helpers were sent out by the London Missionary Society, and stations were opened up in various parts of the colony. The condition of the slaves generally was distressing in the extreme. The punishments inflicted by their godless masters were of the most barbaric character. Meanwhile, the fear steadily gained ground among the planters, that their slaves, if enlightened by the missionaries, would not tamely submit to the cruelties and indignities heaped upon them, hence their continued opposition to mission work.

In 1817, the little band of Christian workers was reinforced by the arrival of Rev. John Smith, a common enough name, but a most uncommon man. He proved a tower of strength to the cause of God in British Guiana. After a few years' sojourn in the colony, where his labours were crowned with signal successes; he wrote to England such a powerful and exhaustive description of the Demerara slavery system as had never before appeared in public print. After graphically portraying the wrongs and indignities perpetrated upon the defenceless slaves by their inhuman masters, he concludes by saying : "To nurture this system of slavery is a foul blot on the British character, which every lover of his country should dedicate his life to efface." Little did this heroic soul realize, when writing these words, that the time was not far distant when his own life should be laid on the altar of sacrifice to this system, that trafficked in the souls and bodies of men.

In 1823, a great victory was won in behalf of the slaves; shortening their hours of toil, and prohibiting the punishment of the lash. This decree roused the indignation of the planters, and the local authorities withheld its publication. At once the wildest rumours began to spread through the colony. Many declared that their "freedom" had come from England, but that it was wickedly kept in hiding by their masters. The most intense excitement spread throughout the plantations, and plots were formed for a general rising of the slave population. Their purpose seems to have been to put all the whites in the stocks, without taking life, then to claim their freedom, which they believed to be in the hands of the local authorities.

Hearing these rumours, Mr. Wray Smith and the other missionaries sought to persuade the blacks to patiently wait, and the truth would be known in good time. But the slaves were determined to act in concert without further delay. On the evening of the 18th of August, 1823, their plans materialized. Upon the various estates the slaves armed themselves as best they could, and sought to imprison their masters and secure their freedom.

Through the intervention of Mr. Smith and other missionaries, many of the managers of the estates were rescued from bodily harm. News of the revolt soon reached the authorities. The militia were called out, and sent to the various plantations where rebellion had occurred. Many of the slaves were shot down by the soldiers. On some plantations no less than two hundred blacks thus perished.

After the slave riots had been quelled, and while Mr. Smith was preparing an account of the disturbance, to be forwarded to England, his house was surrounded by soldiers, and he and his wife were dragged forth to prison. The iniquitous charge laid against this godly man, was that he had wilfully and deliberately incited the slaves to insurrection. Although the evidence adduced at the trial was all in direct opposition to the charge, the court-martial found him guilty, and the sentence was that on the 24th of November he should be publicly hanged. Back to his miserable prison he was ruthlessly hurried. Here he lay for seven months, poisoned with noxious vapours exhaled from putrid and stagnant waters. Before his imprisonment he had been suffering from severe illness. And now the malarious atmosphere of his dungeon, and the terrible blow that had fallen upon himself, his family and his people, crushed him to the earth.

When the tidings of these cruel wrongs done the blacks and their teachers, reached the home land, the whole country was roused to the highest pitch of indignation. The House of Commons, then in session, passed strong resolutions, voicing the sentiment of king and people, and a mandate was dispatched for Mr. Smith's immediate release and return to England. But while this document was being slowly borne over the seas, a swift-winged messenger from the court of the Heavenly King summoned this heroic soul to the rest and reward of the paradise of God. To-day, in yonder distant colony is a grave, unmarked by marble monument, or graven epitaph, a grave even unknown to mortal ken, yet it contains the angel-guarded dust of Guiana's martyred missionary, who for the Christ-like love he bore to the abused and downtrodden slave, "was sentenced to a felon's death, and died in a felon's cell."

Immediately after Mr. Smith's death, a determined effort was made to rid the colony of the missionaries, to establish a State church, and employ State-paid clergymen, whose teachings would not antagonize the interests of the planters. But at the end of five years the system was abandoned as a most expensive and wretched failure. Once more the agents of the London Missionary Society entered the opening fields, and in less than ten years from the attempted annihilation of these South American missions, large numbers of stations were established, both in Demerara and Berbice. Here we have another evidence how God can make even the wrath of man to promote His glory.

In connection with mission work in British Guiana, it will be readily ceded that the first day of August, 1834, will ever be regarded as the most memorable of days. On this date the Emancipation Act took effect. In all the mission chapels throughout the colony, thousands of slaves were assembled to sing and watch and pray. As the hour of midnight struck, everywhere great multitudes rose from their knees, their chains fell off, and, joining in songs of rapturous praise, they went forth shouting, "We're free, we're free."

Brooklin, Ont.

THE MAN TRAP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST IN LONDON."

CHAPTER X.

HIS REMORSE.

It seemed to John Fleming as if in that moment the Day of Judgment was come, and he heard the voice of an offended and almighty God calling to him, "Where is thy mother?" He had been drunk, but he was sobered in an instant. The kind, gentle old face, looking up at him with fixed and solemn eyes, was indeed his mother's face. He seemed to see himself as he must appear in the sight of God, and his whole soul recoiled before his own monstrous sin and shame. He was his mother's murderer.

"Carry her to the infirmary," said some voice, close to his ears; but he had not strength to lift her. Last night he was strong enough to thrust her out of doors when he was drunk, but his arms had no more power than a child's now he was sober. He was pushed aside, and two policemen raised the stiff and motionless body, and bore it away, with a little crowd gathering round it. John Fleming followed a little way off, as if he dared not go near his dead mother again. The work-house infirmary was near at hand, and the night porter opened the door at once. She was carried in, and the crowd dispersed, leaving John Fleming leaning against the work-house wall in a black despair, such as he had never felt before.

It was all his own doing; there was no one else to blame but himself. He loved his mother; in spite of all he loved her. In his sight she was the best woman in the world. He recalled all she had done for him; the care and tenderness she had lavished upon him all his life long, and most of all during these last few months, when she had lived, as he said to himself, in hell, in order to help him, and, if possible, to save him. For what else but a hell was the filth and degradation to which he had brought himself and his children to his simple, pure-minded, good old mother? Oh! if she could be brought to life again, how different her life should be! But if she was indeed dead, nothing was left to him but to go away in despair, and put an end to himself, as Judas did.

When the clock struck twelve he knocked softly at the infirmary door, as if he feared to disturb his mother, and inquired from the porter whether she was dead or alive.

"Don't know," he replied, gruffly; "they'll do all they can for her, you may be sure. We're not fond of Crowners' Inquests here, and 'Death from Starvation' brought in. That 'ill be it, I bet, 'Death from Starvation.' And where was the parish officers to let a woman be froze to death in the streets? It 'ill be in all the papers. She ought to have come here sooner. You go away, I can't tell you till morning. What's she got to do with you, eh?"

"She's my mother," he said.

"Mother!" repeated the porter; "and what a precious son you must be! Don't you knock again till morning. A pretty curse of a son you've been, I reckon. You go home, if you've got a home."

But John Fleming could not go home. The bitter, tempestuous wind was still sweeping through the streets and froze the breath upon his lips. He shrunk into the

door-way, and drew his knees up to his chin; but he would not quit the door, within which his mother was probably lying dead. He had thrust her out into icy-cold like this, and it was only just he should feel the same misery himself. If he froze to death, it would only be a fitting punishment.

But if he was benumbed, conscience was not. The eye of God seemed upon him. It was an awful thing to feel that invisible regard, from which he could nowhere hide himself. A long forgotten verse came back to his memory, "If I go down into hell, thou art there also." Yes! if he put an end to his wicked and worthless life, he would be but a thousand times more conscious of his sins and of God's wrath. There, in hell itself, he would still be his mother's murderer, a drunkard, a cruel father. He could not escape either from his sins, or from the just judgments of God by dying.

But if he lived what would he be but a scoundrel and a vagabond, without a home, and without a soul that cared for him? For his children could not love him, and they were growing up to be, in a few years' time, what the lost degraded boys and girls about them were, shameless and without natural affection. He shivered more with the horror of this thought than with the cold. He was on the verge of destroying them, too, their souls before their bodies. He was thrusting them down, not to death, but to the deepest depths of sin. God had given them to him, and he was giving them to the devil.

"God be merciful to me a sinner!" he cried, aloud, in the silence and the darkness.

"Who is it that is crying to God for help?" said a voice close beside.

He had been too deep in thought to hear the quiet footsteps of a man who had come along the street, and had paused on seeing him huddled up for shelter in the doorway. But the voice was friendly and sympathetic, and John Fleming answered readily.

"It's me," he said; "my mother has been carried inside here froze to death, and I cannot go away till I know whether she's alive or dead. My name's John Fleming, and I live in Gibraltar Court. Perhaps they'd tell you, sir, if you'd ask after her."

"I'm a guardian of the poor," answered the stranger, in the same cordial voice, "and I will go and see her. Come in out of the cold, Fleming."

He was away for some minutes, and came back to him with a grave yet hopeful smile. By the dim light in the hall, John Fleming saw that he was a clergyman, though he was roughly and shabbily dressed, with an old greatcoat to protect him from the cold, such as he would not have worn himself in his prosperous days.

"There is hope for her still," he said, cheerfully; "good hope, they tell me; and now you will go home with me."

John Fleming turned his face away to the wall, and sobbed heavily. He had felt sure she was dead when he saw her lying stiff and frozen in the cold; and now they told him there was hope for her. The clergyman laid his hand upon his shoulders, and spoke again in his pleasant and cordial tones.

"Come, Fleming," he said, "I am your vicar, and you are one of my people. I walk about my parish one night every week to see if any of my people are in need of my help, and to-night you want it. Come home and have supper with me."

CHAPTER XI.

HER LOST MEMORY.

The vicar and John Fleming paced arm in arm together along the almost deserted streets, for his strength was exhausted, and his steps were unsteady. Here and there a ghostly form flitted noiselessly past them, to whom the vicar spoke a few words of kindly greeting. He appeared to know some of them; and Fleming heard him sigh deeply, as if there was some bitter disappointment and grief stirred in his heart at the sight of them. But he looked at him with a pleased and friendly gaze, when they entered a warm and comfortable little room, where supper was laid out on a table, and a kettle was boiling on the fire.

"Now," he said, "let us eat first, and talk afterwards."

But John Fleming could not eat, his throat was parched, and his tongue burning. He gulped down a cup of strong coffee, which the vicar made for him, and then drew up his chair to the fire at his invitation.

"Do you smoke, Fleming?" he inquired.

"No, sir," he answered, "I've done nothing but drink for the last four or five years. My wife took to it first, and made home miserable. There was no home indeed, and the only comfort was at the public house. Sir, for the last six months I've drunk nothing but spirits."

"And you are about worn out," said the vicar, eyeing him keenly.

"I can't keep myself from it," he cried, in an accent of despair, "the craving's like a chain of red-hot iron. I'm a slave to it, sir. Oh! if you could only set me free!"

"No one but yourself can do that," he answered, gravely, "but I can help you. We have a Mission House near here, where my curates live, and where, if you consent to it, we will keep you out of temptation until some of the force of it is spent. Are you willing to undergo a sort of imprisonment, in a very friendly prison, Fleming, until you get up some of your strength, both of body and mind? You will have good food and constant companionship; but if a paroxysm of this craving comes upon you, you will find yourself locked up, as if you were a madman. Will you try this?"

"Anything to get free, and feel sober again," cried John Fleming, "I'm drunk now, at this moment, sir. Only there are my children."

"They shall come to the Mission House too," replied the vicar, "and be with you sometimes, for the sight of them will help you to keep to your resolution. If you love them at all you will be glad to see them about you. You shall go to see your mother also, as soon as she can bear the excitement, for if she lives she will want very tender and careful nursing. Everything shall be done to help you, but if you attempt to break out, everything will be done to hinder you. We shall even use force, Fleming. You understand that? If we undertake to save you, we shall save you by violence, if need be. You are willing to consent to this, my poor fellow?"

"Yes!" he said, suddenly rising from his chair, and drawing himself up, as if already he felt the chains falling from him, "yes! lock me up, treat me like a madman, and God forever bless you, sir! I am a drunkard, and you will make me a man again."

Sitting there, side by side with his vicar, and talking to him as a man talks to his friend, John Fleming told the story of his life, with many tears. Though he spoke of his dead wife's drunkenness, he did not attempt to make it a justification of his own; and when he came to tell of his

mother's devotion, he could not find words to express his sin and shame. He abhorred himself for his ingratitude and cruelty.

"Fleming," said the vicar, "you quite believe in your mother's love."

"Ay!" he exclaimed.

"And you trust in it still, after all your wickedness?"

"Ay!" he cried again, "nothing would wear out my mother's love."

"God loves you more than any mother ever loved any son," replied the vicar, "neither can His love be worn out. You have sinned against the God who made you, man, more even than against your mother; and yet His mercy towards you fails not. Think of this when the horrible craving comes upon you; and for God's sake and your mother's resist it. We know it will come upon you with a sevenfold strength, but if your mind is fixed upon God you will prove stronger than it."

It was a true forewarning. For several days John Fleming felt that he must die in agony, if he did not yield to the consuming thirst for spirits that possessed him. He was not left alone for a moment, and every effort was made to occupy and interest him. Ally and Johnny came to him from time to time, getting over their dread of him, and bringing for him to see the toys they had received from their new friends. At night the door of his room was safely locked, and the window was securely barred. There was but one short interval when he felt that force alone could keep him from breaking out, and rushing madly for the deadly poison. But the vicar was with him, and held his arms with a grip like a vice, while he reasoned with him, until the paroxysm was over. It never returned with the same diabolic vehemence; and by the time his mother was considered well enough to see him, he had sufficient self-control to be trusted to walk along the streets that lay between the mission house and the infirmary; though one of his friendly keepers, unknown to him, kept him in sight until he passed within the infirmary walls.

Before going into the ward John Fleming was taken into an office, and the matron came to speak to him.

"I wished to warn you before you see your mother," she said, "that her memory is gone, so far at any rate as concerns her life in London. You can judge better than we can how much she remembers of her former life."

"Won't she know me?" he asked, in great distress.

"I hope so," answered the matron; "she expects to see you. She seems to talk reasonably enough of her old home and neighbours; and she remembers her journey to London; but she recollects nothing since. You must be careful not to excite her brain by trying to make her remember anything. She is old; and an attack like hers, brought on by want and exposure to bitter cold, which nearly killed her, has produced this blank in her memory. It may be painful to her friends, but it is not so to her. Be very cautious how you talk to her."

Joanna was sitting up in bed, with a warm shawl round her shoulders, and a white cap covering her grey hair. Her face was pale and sunken, but very placid; and when John came up to her, and stood at the side of her bed, she smiled pleasantly at him, but there was no recognition in her eyes.

"Oh, mother! mother!" he cried out, falling on his knees beside her, "don't you know me?"

"Why! can this be my son?" she asked, laying her hand on his head.

"But you look so much older, John. Have you been ill, my dear boy?"

"Ay! I've been worse than ill," he sobbed, "and so have you, mother."

"They've been very good to me here," she said, "but I'm weary to get home again. I can't think how long I've been here, for they say April's come, and I thought I left home in the autumn. I've had brain fever, John."

"Yes, mother," he said.

"And such dreadful dreams," she went on, "I can't abear to think of them."

"Don't think of them," he said, tenderly.

"I came to London to try to get you to come home again," she continued, "after poor Susan's death. Sir Andrew promised me to keep the cottage empty for a quarter, and, oh! I hope he hasn't let it while I've laid up ill in the hospital."

"Don't trouble, mother," he answered, "I'll write to Sir Andrew to-day and ask him, and maybe if the old home is let, there'll be another place we can have."

"And you'll go with me!" she urged, tears gathering in her eyes, and stealing one by one down her sunken cheeks.

"Yes," he said, "I'll be glad to go, me and the children, thank God!"

"And the baby?" she added.

"Mother," he said, sorrowfully, "baby is dead."

"I seemed to dream that," she replied, with a pained and puzzled look upon her face.

"Don't think of it," he said, "the little creature's gone to heaven, and you'll see it there some day. God knew it was best to take it."

"And when shall we go home?" she asked, in a tone of fresh hopefulness and energy.

"I'll write to Sir Andrew to-night," he answered; "and as soon as you are strong enough for the journey, and I've earned a little money, we'll all of us go together. But, oh! mother, won't you say you forgive me?"

"Forgive you?" she repeated; "Why! my dear, there's never been anything to forgive. You're a good son to me, and I've always been proud of you. And, oh! as soon as we are back at home I shall be as happy as the day is long."

CHAPTER XII.

THEIR OLD HOME AGAIN.

But John Fleming felt as if he lost something by not hearing his mother say she pardoned him. She could not forgive him, for his own cruelty towards her had deprived her of the power. He could not make her understand any confession of his sin. His heart was very heavy, and in after days even his mother's happiness was at times a pain to him.

He wrote as he had promised to Sir Andrew Drummond, and was told that he might rent his forefathers' cottage again, and that work should be found for him in the Hall gardens. The household furniture, which had been stored in the farmhouse cheese-room, was well cleaned, and put back into the cottage by the neighbours. John's friend, the vicar, redeemed the linen and clothing which Joanna had been obliged to pawn, and she found them in her box at the Mission House, whither she went to spend a few days after leaving the infirmary. The vicar knew her whole story, and treated her with the most gentle friendliness. Gibraltar Court was not mentioned in her hearing, and in no way was her memory taxed to recall the season of her bitter misery and anguish.

Six or seven months had

wrought but little change in her old neighbourhood, and she fell easily into her usual habits. She told her neighbours that the noise and bad air of London had soon brought on brain fever, and she could tell them nothing of the great city, for she had seen none of its sights. All she knew was that she had been there, and brought her son and his children to live at home with her. The children, too, surrounded by new sights and sounds, in which they delighted, speedily forgot their former life, and settled down to the full enjoyment of the country.

But John Fleming remembered it. He comes home every evening, as his father did before him, and his forefathers for many generations; and he works in the same garden, trimming the antique yew trees, and the filbert walk, and cultivating the sweet, old-fashioned flowers, as if he had never wandered away from the old spot. Sometimes, however, a chance word, falling from Ally's lips, awakens a long train of sad remembrances. He feels again the bitter shame and degradation into which he once plunged, and dragged his children and his mother down with him. They have forgotten; but he cannot forget. He thinks of his dead children, bearing witness against him in that mysterious world, into which they entered early through his sin. He has, at the last moment, as it were, found a place for repentance, and his sin is forgiven him. But he bears the penalty of it in a premature old age; his sight is dimmer, and his hearing duller, and his natural strength is less than they ought to be at his age. His mind, too, is weaker; he has fits of depression and remorse, which make him almost afraid of himself. He is delivered from his sin, but not set free from its natural consequences.

It was something of a trial to Lady Drummond, when she returned home after the London season, to meet Joanna for the first time. But it was plain that their last interview had been totally blotted out of the old woman's mind. She can visit her now as in days of old, and very rarely does any troublesome recollection come to her of the misery she had witnessed, and of Joanna's terrible words to her. It was positively of no use to perplex herself about social and commercial questions which she could never understand. Sir Andrew and her sons must settle all those things for her.

It was too disagreeable to remember what she wished to forget. Yet at times when she is sitting in Joanna's pleasant cottage, reading to her from the Gospels, there are passages which bring too vividly to her mind the vices and miseries of Gibraltar Court. She would be glad to forget as Joanna does.

THE END.

THE YULE LOG.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

When the Yule log burns upon the hearth,
With carol, chime, and Christmas cheer,
A fire should kindle in each soul
To gladden all the coming year;
A flame to brighten heart and home,
And shine as well for other eyes,
Fed by good deeds which still glow on
When dim and cold the Yule log lies.

No life so poor but it may know
A spark of this divinest fire.
No life so beautiful and rich
But still, flame-like, it may aspire
Then kindle Yule logs far and wide
To burn on every happy hearth,
Fit symbols of the faith and love
That purify and bless the earth.

THE CRUCIFIXION OF PHILLIP STRONG.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

CHAPTER II.

"I have come to see you about your sermon of yesterday morning," began Mr. Winter, abruptly. "I consider what you said was a direct insult to me personally."

"Suppose I should say it was not so intended," replied Phillip, with a good-natured smile.

"Then I should say you lied!" retorted Mr. Winter, sharply.

Phillip sat very still. And the two men eyed each other in silence for a moment. Then the minister reached out his hand, and laid it on the other's arm, saying as he did so, "My brother, you certainly did not come into my house to accuse me unjustly of wronging you? I am willing to talk the matter over in a friendly spirit, but will not listen to personal abuse."

There was something in the tone and manner of this declaration that subdued the mill-owner. He was an older man than Phillip by twenty years, but a man of quick and ungoverned temper. He had come to see the minister while in a heat of passion, and the way Phillip received him, the calmness and dignity of his attitude, thwarted his purpose. He wanted to find a man ready to quarrel. Instead, he found a man ready to talk reason. Mr. Winter replied after a pause, during which he controlled himself by a great effort:

"I consider that you purposely selected me as guilty of conduct unworthy a church-member and a Christian, and made me the target of your remarks yesterday. And I wish to say that such preaching will never do in Calvary Church while I am one of its members."

"Of course you refer to the matter of renting your property to saloon men and as halls for gambling and other evil uses," said Phillip, bluntly. "Are you the only member of Calvary Church who lets his property for such purposes?"

"It is not a preacher's business to pry into the affairs of his church-members!" replied Mr. Winter, growing more excited again, "That is what I object to."

"In the first place, Mr. Winter," said Phillip, steadily, "let us settle the right and wrong of the whole business. It is right for a business man, a Christian man, a church-member, to rent his property for saloons and vicious resorts, where human life is ruined?"

"That is not the question."

"What is?" Phillip asked, with his eyes wide open.

Mr. Winter answered sullenly: "The question is whether our business affairs, those of other men with me, are to be dragged into the Sunday church-services, and made the occasion of personal attacks upon us. I for one will not sit and listen to any such preaching."

"But aside from the matter of private business, Mr. Winter, let us settle whether what you and others are doing is right. Will you let the other matter rest a moment, and tell me what is the duty of a Christian in the use of his property?"

"It is my property, and if I or my agent choose to rent it to another man in a legal, business-like way, that is my affair. I do not recognize that you have anything to do with it."

"Not if I am convinced that you are doing what is harmful to the community and to the church?"

"You have no business to meddle in our private affairs!" replied Mr. Winter, angrily. "And if you intend to pursue that method of preaching, I shall withdraw my support, and most of the influential, paying members will follow my example."

It was a cowardly threat on the part of the excited mill-owner, and it roused Phillip more than if he had been physically slapped in the face. If there was anything in all the world that stirred Phillip to his oceanic depths of feeling, it was an intimation that he was in the ministry for pay, and so must be afraid of losing the support of those members who were able to pay largely. He clenched his hands around the arms of his study-chair until his nails bent on the hard wood. His scorn and indignation burned in his face, although his voice was calm enough.

"Mr. Winter, this whole affair is a matter of the most profound principle with me. As long as I live I shall believe that a Christian man has no more right to rent his property to a saloon than he has to run a saloon himself. And as long as I live I shall also believe that it is a minister's duty to preach to his church plainly upon matters which bear upon the right and wrong of life, no matter what is involved in those matters. As to your threat of withdrawal of support, sir, do you suppose I would be in the ministry if I were afraid of the rich men in my congregation? It shows that you are not yet acquainted with me. It would not hurt you to know me better!"

All the time Phillip was talking, his manner was that of dignified indignation. His anger was never coarse or vulgar. But when he was roused as he was now he spoke with a total disregard for all consequences. For the time being he felt as perhaps one of the old Hebrew prophets used to feel when the flame of inspired wrath burned in his soul.

The man who sat opposite was compelled to keep silent until Phillip had said what he had to say. The mill-owner sprang to his feet as soon as Phillip finished. He was white to the lips with passion, and so excited that his hands trembled and his voice shook as he replied to Phillip:

"You shall answer for these insults, sir. I withdraw my church pledge, and you will see whether the business men in the church will sustain such preaching." And Mr. Winter flung himself out of the study and down-stairs, forgetting to take his hat, which he had carried up with him. Phillip caught it up and went down-stairs with it, reaching the mill-owner just as he was going out of the front door. He said simply, "You forgot your hat, sir." Mr. Winter took it without a word and went out, slamming the door hard behind him.

Phillip turned around, and there stood his wife. Her face was very anxious.

"Tell me all about it, Phillip," she said. Sunday evening they had talked over the fact of Mr. Winter's walking out of the church during the service, and had anticipated some trouble. Phillip related the facts of Mr. Winter's visit, telling his wife what the mill-owner had said.

"What did you say, Phillip, to make him so angry? Did you give him a piece of your mind?"

"I gave him the whole of it," replied Phillip, somewhat grimly,—"at least all of it on that particular subject that he could stand."

"Oh, dear! It seems too bad to have this trouble come so soon! What will Mr. Winter do? He is very wealthy, and influential in the church. Do you think—are you sure you have done just right, for

the best in this matter, Phillip? It is going to be very unpleasant for you."

"Well, Sarah, I would not do otherwise than I have done. What have I done? I have simply preached God's truth, as I plainly see it, to my church. And if I do not do that, what business have I in the ministry at all? I regret this personal encounter with Mr. Winter; but I don't see how I could have avoided it."

"Did you lose your temper?"

"No."

"There was some very loud talking. I could hear it away out in the kitchen."

"Well, you know, Sarah, the angrier I get the less inclined I feel to 'holler.' It was Mr. Winter you heard. He was very much excited when he came, and nothing that I could conscientiously say would have made any difference with him."

"Did you ask him to pray over the matter with you?"

"No. I do not think he was in a praying mood."

"Were you?"

Phillip hesitated a moment, and then replied seriously: "Yes, I truly believe I was,—that is, I should not have been ashamed at any part of the interview to put myself into loving communion with my heavenly Father."

Mrs. Strong still looked disturbed and anxious. She was going over in her mind the probable result of Mr. Winter's antagonism to the minister. It looked to her like a very serious thing. Phillip was inclined to treat the affair with a calm philosophy, based on the knowledge that his conscience was clear of all fault in the matter.

"What do you suppose Mr. Winter will do?" Mrs. Strong asked.

"He threatened to withdraw his financial support, and said other paying members would do the same."

"Do you think they will?"

"I don't know. I shouldn't wonder if they did."

"What will you do then? It will be dreadful to have a disturbance of that kind in the church, Phillip; it will ruin your prospects here. You will not be able to work under all that friction."

And the minister's wife suddenly broke down and had a good cry; while Phillip comforted her, first by saying two or three funny things, and secondly by asserting, with a positive cheerfulness which was peculiar to him when he was hard pressed, that, even if the church withdrew all support, he could probably get a job somewhere else on a railroad, or in a hotel, where there was always a demand for porters who could walk up several flights of stairs with a good sized trunk.

"Sometimes I almost think I missed my calling," said Phillip, purposely talking about himself in order to make his wife come to the defence. "I ought to have been a locomotive fireman."

"The idea, Phillip Strong! A man who has the gift of reaching people with preaching the way you do!"

"The way I reach Mr. Winter, for example!"

"Yes," said his wife, "the way you reach him. Why, the very fact that you made such a man angry is pretty good proof that you reached him. Such men are not touched by any ordinary preaching."

"So you really think I have a little gift at preaching?" asked Phillip, slyly.

"A little gift! It is a great deal more than a little, Phillip."

"Aren't you a little prejudiced, Sarah?"

"No, sir. I am the severest

critic you ever have in the congregation. If you only knew how nervous you sometimes make me! —when you get started on some exciting passage and make a gesture that would throw a stone image into a fit, and then begin to speak of something in a different way, like another person, and the first I know I am caught up and hurled into the subject, and forget all about you."

"Thank you," said Phillip.

"What for?" asked his wife, laughing. "For forgetting you?"

"I would rather be forgotten by you than remembered by any one else," replied Phillip, gallantly. "And you are such a delightful little flatterer that I feel courage for anything that may happen."

"It's not flattery; it's truth, Phillip. I do believe in you and your work; and I am only anxious that you should succeed here. I can't bear to think of trouble in the church. It would almost kill me to go through such times as we sometimes read about."

"We must leave results with God. I am sure we are not responsible for more than our utmost doing and living of necessary truth." Phillip spoke courageously.

"Then you don't feel disheartened by the event of this morning, Phillip?"

"No, I don't know that I do. I'm very sensitive, and I feel hurt at Mr. Winter's threat of withdrawing financial support; but I don't feel disheartened for the work. Why should I? Am I not doing my best?"

"I believe you are. Only, dear Phillip, be wise. Do not try to reform everything in a week, or expect people to grow their wings before they have started even the pinfeathers. It isn't natural."

"Well, I won't," replied Phillip, with a laugh. "Better trim your wings, Sarah; they're dragging on the floor."

He hunted up his hat, kissed his wife, and went out to make the visit at the mill which he was getting ready to make when Mr. Winter called.

To his surprise, when he went down through the business part of the town, he discovered that his sermon of Sunday had roused almost every one. People were talking about it on the street,—an almost unheard-of way of treating sermons in Milton. When the evening paper came out it described in sensational paragraphs the Rev. Mr. Strong's attack on the wealthy sinners of his own church, and went on to say that the church "was very much wrought up over the sermon, and would probably make it uncomfortable for the reverend gentleman." Phillip wondered, as he read, at the unusual stir made because a preacher of Christ had denounced an undoubted evil.

"Is it, then," he asked himself, "such a remarkable piece of news that a minister of the gospel has preached from his own pulpit against what is without question an un-Christian use of property?"

He pondered over the question as he quietly but rapidly went along with his work that week. He was conscious as the days went on that trouble was brewing for him. He had met Mr. Winter several times on the street, and the mill-owner had not recognized him. This hurt him in a way hard to explain; but his sensitive spirit felt the cut like a lash on a sore place.

When Sunday came Phillip went into his pulpit and faced the largest audience he had yet seen in Calvary Church. As is often the case, people who had heard of his previous sermon on Sunday thought he would preach another like it. In-

stead of that he preached a sermon on the love of God for the world. In one way the large audience was disappointed. It had come to have its love of sensation fed, and Phillip had not given it anything of the kind. In another way the audience was profoundly moved by the power and sweetness of Phillip's unfolding of the great subject. Men who had not been inside of a church for years went away thoughtfully impressed with the old truth of God's love, and asked themselves what they had done to deserve it,—the very thing that Phillip wanted them to ask. The property-owners in the church who had felt offended by Phillip's sermon of the Sunday before, went away from the service acknowledging that the new pastor was an eloquent preacher and a man of large gifts. In the evening Phillip preached again from the same theme, treating it in an entirely different way. His audience nearly filled the church, and was evidently deeply impressed.

In spite of all this, Phillip felt that a certain element in the church had arrayed itself against him. Mr. Winter did not appear at either service. There were several other absences on the part of men who had been constant attendants on the Sunday services. He felt, without hearing it, that a great deal was being said in opposition to him; but, with the burden of it beginning to oppress him a little, he saw nothing better to do than to go on with his work as if nothing unusual had taken place.

Pursuing the plan he had originally mapped out when he came to Milton, he spent much of his time in the afternoons studying the social and civic life of the town. As the first Sunday of the next month drew near, when he was to speak again on the attitude of Christ in respect to some practices of modern society, he determined to select the saloon as one of the prominent features of modern life that would naturally be noticed by Christ, and doubtless be denounced by Him as a great evil.

In his study of the saloon question he did a thing which he had never done before, and then only after much deliberation and prayer. He went into the saloons themselves on different occasions. He wanted to know from actual knowledge what sort of places the saloons were. What he saw after a dozen visits to as many different groggeries added fuel to the flame of indignation that already burned hot in him. The sight of the vast army of men turning into beasts in these dens created in him a loathing and hatred of the whole iniquitous institution that language failed to express. He wondered with unspeakable astonishment in his soul that a civilized community in the nineteenth century would tolerate for one moment the public sale of an article that led, on the confession of society itself, to countless crimes against the law of the land and of God. His indignant astonishment deepened yet more, if that were possible, when he found that the license of five hundred dollars a year for each saloon was used by the town to support its public school system. That, to Phillip's mind, was an awful sarcasm on Christian civilization. It seemed to him like selling a man poison according to law, and then taking the money from the sale to help the widow to purchase mourning. It was fully as ghastly as that would be.

He went to see some of the other ministers, hoping to unite them in a combined attack on the saloon power. It seemed to him that, if the Church as a whole entered the crusade against the saloon, it could be driven out even from Milton, where it had been so long established. To his surprise he found

the other churches unwilling to unite in a public battle against the whiskey men. Several of the ministers openly defended license as the only practical method of dealing with the saloon. All of them confessed it was evil, and only evil, but under the circumstances thought it would do little good to agitate the subject. Phillip came away from several interviews with the ministers, sad and sick at heart. He was too frank and open-hearted himself to see, what was a fact, that some of the other preachers were jealous of his popularity, and had taken offence because Phillip had drawn away people from their own services, especially to his Sunday night meetings.

He approached several of the prominent men in the town, hoping to enlist some of them in the fight against the rum power. Here he met with unexpected opposition, coming in a form he had not anticipated. One prominent citizen said :

"Mr. Strong, you will ruin your chances here if you attack the saloons in this savage manner; and I'll tell you why: the whiskey men hold a tremendous influence in Milton in the matter of political power. The city election comes off the middle of next month. The men up for office are dependent for election on the votes of the saloon men and their following. You will cut your head off sure if you come out against them in public. Why, there's Mr. ——, and ——, and So-and-So" (he named half a dozen men), "in your church who are up for office in the coming election. They can't be elected without the votes of the rummies, and they know it. Better steer clear of it, Mr. Strong. The saloon has been a regular thing in Milton for over fifty years; it is as much a part of the town as the churches or schools; and I tell you it is a power!"

"What!" cried Phillip, in unbounded astonishment, "do you tell me, you, a leading citizen of the town of 80,000 immortal souls, that the saloon power here has its grip to this extent on the civic and social life of the place, and you are willing to sit down and let this devil of crime and ruin throttle you, and not raise a finger to change or expel the monster? It is impossible!"

"Nevertheless," replied the business man, "these are the facts. And you will simply dash your own life out against a wall of solid rock if you try to fight this evil. You have my warning."

"May I not also have your help?" cried Phillip, hungry in his soul for companionship in the struggle which he saw was coming.

"It would ruin my business to come out against the saloon," replied the man, frankly.

"And what is that?" cried Phillip, earnestly. "It has already ruined far more that ought to be dear to you. Man, man, what are money and business compared with your own flesh and blood? Do you know where your own son was two nights ago? In one of the vilest of the vile holes in this city, which you, a father, license to another man to destroy the life of your own child! I saw him there myself, and my heart ached for him and you. Ah, brother, forgive me for wounding you! It is the necessary truth. Will you join with me to wipe out this curse to society?"

The merchant trembled and his lips quivered at mention of his son, but he replied :

"I cannot do what you want, Mr. Strong. But you can count on my sympathy if you make the fight." And Phillip finally went away, his soul tossed on a wave of mountain proportions, which was growing more and more crested with foam and wrath as the first Sunday of the month drew near,

and he realized that the battle was one that he must wage single-handed in a town of eighty thousand people.

He was not so destitute of support as he thought. There were many mothers' hearts in Milton that had ached and prayed in agony long years that the Almighty would come with His power and sweep the curse away.

So when he walked into the pulpit the first Sunday of the month he felt his message burning in his heart and on his lips as never before. It seemed beyond all question that if Christ were pastor of Calvary Church he would speak out in plain denunciation of the whiskey power. And so, after the opening part of the service, Phillip rose to speak, facing an immense audience that overflowed the galleries and invaded the pulpit platform. Such a crowd had never been seen in Calvary Church before.

Phillip had not announced his subject, but there was an expectation on the part of many that he was going to denounce the "rummies." In the two months that Phillip had been preaching in Milton he had attracted great attention. His audience this morning represented a great many different kinds of people. Some came out of curiosity. Others came because the crowd was going that way. So it happened that Phillip faced a truly representative audience of Milton people. As his eye swept over the house he saw four of the six members of his church who were up for office at the coming election.

For an hour Phillip spoke as he had never spoken in all his life before. His subject, the cause it represented, the immense audience, the entire occasion caught him up in a genuine burst of eloquent fury, and his sermon swept through the house like a prairie fire driven by a high gale. At the close, he spoke of the power of the Church compared with that of the saloon, and showed how easily it could win the victory against any kind of evil if it were only united and determined.

"Men and women of Milton, fathers, mothers, and citizens," he said, "this evil is one which cannot be driven out unless the Christian people of this place unite to condemn it, regardless of results. It is too firmly established. It has its clutch on business, the municipal life, and even the Church itself. It is a fact that the Church in Milton has been afraid to take the right stand in this matter. Members of the churches have become involved in the terrible entanglement of the long-established rum-power, until to-day you witness a condition of affairs which ought to stir the righteous indignation of every citizen and father.

"What is it you are enduring? An institution which blasts with its poisonous breath every soul that enters it, which ruins young manhood, which kills more citizens in times of peace than the most bloody war ever slew in times of revolution; an institution that has not one good thing to commend it; an institution that is established for the open and declared purpose of getting money from the people by the sale of stuff that creates criminals; an institution that robs the honest workingman of his savings, and looks with indifference on the tears of the wife or the sobs of the mother; an institution that has the brand of the murderer, the harlot, and the gambler burned into it with a brand of the Devil's own forging in the furnace of his hottest hell,—this institution so rules and governs this town of Milton to-day that honest citizens tremble before it, business men dare not oppose it for fear of losing money, church-members fawn upon it in order to

gain place in politics, and ministers of the gospel confront its hideous insolence, and say nothing! It is high time we faced this monster of iniquity and drove it out of the stronghold it has occupied so long.

"I wish you could have gone with me this past week and witnessed some of the sights I have seen. No! I retract that statement. I would not wish that any father or mother had had the heartache that I have felt as I contemplated the ruins of young lives crumbling into the decay of premature debility, mocking the manhood that God gave them by yielding themselves slaves to their passions and degrading themselves below the beasts that perish. What have I seen? O ye fathers! O ye mothers! Do you know what is going on in this place of sixty saloons licensed by your own act and made legal by your own will? You, madam, and you, sir, who have covenanted together in the fellowship and discipleship of the purest institution of God on earth, who have sat here in front of this pulpit and partaken of the emblems which remind you of your Redeemer, where are your sons, your brothers, your lovers, your friends? They are not here this morning. The Church has not any hold on them. They are growing up to disregard the duties of good citizenship. They are walking down the broad avenue of destruction, and what is this town doing to prevent it? I have seen young men from what we call the best homes in this town reel in and out of gilded temples of evil, oaths on their lips and passion in their looks, and the cry of my soul has gone up to Almighty God that the Church and the home might combine their mighty force to drive the whiskey demon out of our municipal life so that we might never feel the curse again evermore.

"I speak to you to-day in the name of my Lord and Master. Citizens, Christians, church-members, I call on you to-day to take arms against the common foe of all that we hold dear in church, home, and state. I know there are honest business men who have long writhed in secret at the ignominy of the halter about their necks by which they have been led. There are citizens who have the best interests of the community at heart who have hung their heads in shame, seeing this brutal whiskey element dictating the government of the town, and parcelling out its patronage and managing its funds and enormous stealings of the people's money. I know there are church-members who have felt in their hearts the deep shame of bowing the knee to this rum god in order to make advancement in political life. And I call on all these to-day to rise with me and begin a fight against the entire saloon business and whiskey rule in Milton until by the help of the Lord of hosts we have gotten us the victory. Men, women, brothers, sisters, in the great family of God on earth, will you sit tamely down and worship the great beast of this century? Will you not rather gird your swords upon your thighs and go out to battle against this blasphemous Philistine who has defied the armies of the living God? I have spoken my message. Let us ask divine wisdom and power to help us."

Phillip's prayer was almost painful in its intensity of feeling and expression. The audience sat in deathly silence, and when he pronounced the amen of the benediction it was several moments before any one stirred to leave the church.

Phillip went home completely exhausted by his effort. He had put into his sermon all of himself and had called up all his reserve power,—a thing he was not often guilty of doing, and for which he condemned himself on this occasion. But it was past, and he

could not recall it. He was not concerned as to the results of his sermon. He had long believed that if he spoke the message God gave him he was not to grow anxious over the outcome of it.

But the people of Milton were deeply stirred by the address. They were not accustomed to hear that kind of preaching. And what was more, the whiskey element was roused. It was not accustomed to have its authority attacked in that bold, almost savage manner. Phillip's sermon fell something like a bomb into the whiskey camp. Before night the report of the sermon had spread all over the town. The saloon men were enraged. Ordinarily they would have paid no attention to anything a church or a preacher might say or do. But Phillip spoke from the pulpit of the largest church in Milton. The whiskey men knew that if the large churches should all unite to fight them they would make matters very uncomfortable for them and in the end probably drive them out. Phillip went home that Sunday night after the evening service with several bitter enemies. The whiskey men constituted one element. Some of his own church-members made up another. He had struck again at the same sore spot which he had wounded the month before. In his attack on the saloon as an institution he had again necessarily condemned all those members of his church who rented property to the whiskey element or had dealings with them in business. Again, as a month ago, these property holders went from the hearing of Phillip's sermon angry that they as well as the saloon power were under indictment.

As Phillip entered on the week's work after that eventful sermon of the first of the month he began to feel the pressure of public feeling against him. He began to realize the bitterness of championing a just cause alone. He felt the burden of the community's sin in the matter, and more than once he felt obliged to come in from his parish work and go up into his study there to commune with his Father in heaven. He was growing old very fast during those first few weeks in his new parish.

Tuesday evening of that week Phillip had been writing a little while in his study, where he had gone immediately after supper. It was nearly eight o'clock when he happened to remember that he had promised a sick child in the home of one of his parishioners that he would come and see him that very day.

He came downstairs, put on his hat and overcoat, and told his wife where he was going.

"It's not far. I shall be back in about half an hour, Sarah."

He went out, and his wife held the door open until he was down the steps. She was just on the point of shutting the door as Phillip started down the walk of the street, when a sharp report rang out close by. She screamed and flung the door open again, as by the light of the street lamp she saw Phillip stagger and then leap into the street toward an elm-tree which grew almost opposite the parsonage. When he was about in the middle of the street the minister's wife was horrified to see a man step out boldly from behind the tree, raise a gun, and deliberately fire at Phillip again. This time Phillip fell and did not rise. His tall form lay where the rays of the street lamp shone on it and he had fallen so that as his arms stretched out there he made the figure of a huge and prostrate cross.

(NOTE.—The further tribulations of Phillip Strong will be recounted in a series of chapters running through several numbers of this Magazine.—Ed.)

The World's Progress.

NATIVES OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

The Decadence of Spain.

It is a painful and pitiful spectacle, that of a once powerful nation falling into decrepitude and decay. Under Charles V. Spain was the mightiest Empire in the world; under the Queen Regent, Maria Christina, it is one of the basest of kingdoms. Of its once vast inheritance in the Old World and the New, naught now remains save Cuba and the Philippines, and both of these are in the throes of seemingly successful revolt. The crimson tragedy in Cuba is exhausting both the unfilial daughter-island and the harsh step-mother country. Ruthless atrocities are perpetrated on both sides. The industries of the island are ruined, and Spain, bleeding at every pore, is ill able to furnish further recruits or ships or money.

The cruelty in the Philippines is still more dreadful. A reign of terror exists in Manilla and throughout the islands. The old tortures of the Inquisition, thumb-screws, and nailing prisoners' hands to the wall, are alleged to have been used. The horrors of the Black Hole of Calcutta have been repeated. Of a hundred soldiers thrust into a filthy dungeon at Manilla, where there was hardly room for thirty, fifty-nine died during the night. The cruel amusement of bull-fights seems to have hardened the once generous Spanish nature to an inhuman gloating on suffering.

The following account, gleaned from the press, indicates the importance of Spain's possessions in the Philippines:

Next to Cuba, the Philippine Islands are the most valuable possession left to Spain. They are a group of about twelve hundred islands, lying south of Formosa, between that island and Borneo. Their aggregate area is about 120,000 square miles, and their population is about seven millions, with only five thousand Spaniards. The islands are extraordinarily fertile, containing forests of ebony, cedar, iron-wood, and gum-trees. Oranges, citron, banana, guava and sugar-cane, are among their products, but their coffee, tobacco and indigo are their largest exports.

The people are chiefly negroes of the Papuan type. Spain has held the islands since the sixteenth century, but has never thoroughly subdued the people. She appears to have been intent on getting revenue from the islands, rather than introducing civilization. The trade has drifted chiefly into the hands of German,

English and American traders, and has been extremely profitable. The English trade alone amounts annually to fifteen million dollars. Manilla and three other ports are the only places open to foreign trade. Spain exacts a high tariff, and besides, retains in her own hands the monopoly of tobacco and cigars.

Manilla is a city of 270,000 people. It has handsome streets and stores and warehouses, and above all immense cigar factories—9,000 women and 7,000 men being employed in manufacturing the pernicious weed; 4,000 women are employed in one factory; their chatter is said to be almost deafening.

Roman Catholic missionaries have laboured in the islands for over a century, and some three millions of the natives were reported to be converts, but even these are only nominally Christian and the large bulk of the people are idolaters.

The present trouble appears to have been of Japanese origin. An outlet for her surplus population is indispensable to the Island Empire, and since she has been excluded by the greed of Russia from Corea, she has turned her eyes longingly to the Philippines. With Formosa as a base of operations, Japan has sent colonizers to the islands, who, it is alleged, have fomented discontent among the natives. Nominally the movement aims to establish a republic, but if Japan is really leading it, there is little doubt that annexation and not independence, will be the outcome of success, if it is achieved.

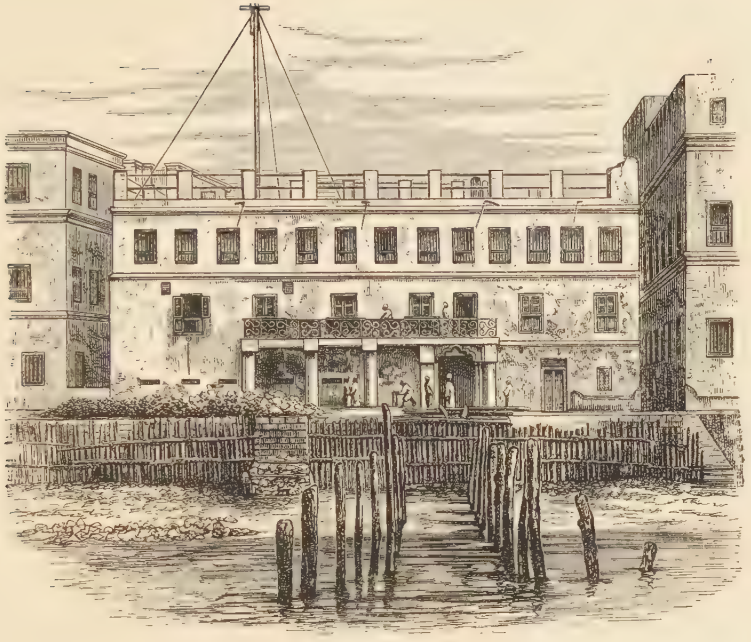
Spanish reports compute the insurgent strength at fifteen thousand men, and their own forces, scattered over the islands, are about twenty thousand. Insurgent enthusiasm is growing rapidly owing to the heavy taxation and intolerable tyranny of Spanish rule, which the people believe there is now a prospect of shaking off. Public sympathy goes out naturally to any people struggling for liberty, but in this instance there is ground for hesitation. Independence to a people unaccustomed to self-government may mean only anarchy; and annexation to Japan would mean the supremacy of a government avowedly un-Christian. Neither alternative presents to the islands the true bases of happiness and prosperity.

INDIAN VILLAGE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

The Zanzibar Slave Trade.

We referred in our last number to the British bombardment of Zanzibar and the deposition of the usurping Sultan as an important step in destroying the lingering remains of the African slave trade. We glean the following facts as to this nefarious trade still furtively maintained by native greed, despite the vigilance of British officers and British gunboats:

The attempt of Said Khalid to usurp



THE BRITISH CONSULATE AT ZANZIBAR.

the Sultanate of Zanzibar, in opposition to Hamoud, the protege of the British, terminating in the bombardment and destruction of the palace, was probably a manifestation of the wrath with which the Arabs of Zanzibar have received the news of Lord Salisbury's promise that Consul-General Hardinge should abolish the status of slavery without delay. The failure of this uprising and this demonstration of England's power will no doubt greatly facilitate the enforcement of immediate abolition; for nobody in Zanzibar will now dare to resist any orders of the British rulers. Nevertheless this long-looked-for reform remains a complicated and laborious task for those entrusted with its execution.

The Protectorate of Zanzibar consists of the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba, with a strip of the mainland facing them. The protectorate was assumed by Great Britain in 1890, with the consent of Germany and France, to whom Heligoland and Madagascar were given up as a compensation for the relinquishment of their right to interfere. Since 1890, Zanzibar and Pemba have been administered by British subjects under a puppet Sultan. The population is estimated at 400,000 souls, 266,000 of whom are slaves. The Arabs, who number about 10,000, are the lords of the soil; the East-Indians, some 8,500 in number, are the financiers; and the Europeans, perhaps 100 strong, are merchants or government officials.

The mortality among the slaves is appalling. Owing to this it is computed that 7,000 slaves have to be annually imported in order to supply the deficiency. Most of these slaves, imported by contraband, are now brought from the mainland in sailing canoes, which easily escape the attention of the men-of-war.

It is further estimated that 11,000 slaves are annually shipped from the mainland to Zanzibar, Persia and Arabia.

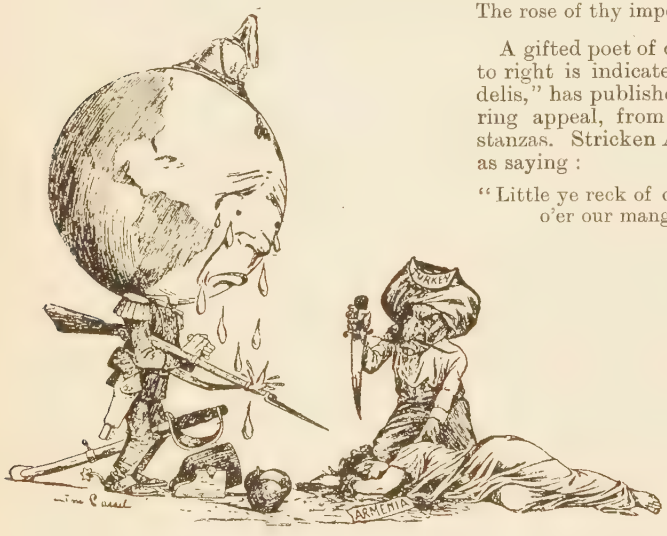
In order to place the present 266,000 slaves on Zanzibar and Pemba, the sacrifice of human lives at the places of capture in the interior and on the road must have been, according to the lowest estimate, over 1,000,000 souls. To supply the local demand of the two islands, 24,000 are sacrificed year after year, and over 40,000 are claimed by the export to Arabia and Persia.

It is to be hoped that with the enlarged powers of the British Consul, this nefarious traffic in the bodies and souls of men will be brought to a speedy close.

THE ROUSED CONSCIENCE OF EUROPE.

The outburst of indignation in Britain at the Armenian atrocities is already having its effect. The great powers seem about to be shamed into some action to prevent the continual slaughter of the hapless Armenians.

An American writer says: "I doubt whether it would be possible to name in the later history of Europe any great abuse or enormity which has long withstood the outcry of the British press or the outburst of organized indignation meetings in England. The uprising of public feeling which is literally convulsing England has rapidly spread to Italy, where public meetings have been held



TEARS, IDLE TEARS!
THE WEEPING WORLD: "OH!! THIS IS AW-FUL!! AIN'T IT?"

and committees organized in support of Crete and Armenia; it has invaded Germany in spite of the repressive efforts of the Government; it has affected France; for, in the midst of the Russophile paroxysm, it was decided to petition the Czarina in favour of the unfortunate Armenians."

It is noteworthy that the French and Russian, and even German, press have become much more friendly to Britain. Mr. William Watson, the author of those stinging sonnets, "The Purple East," which, with Mr. Gladstone's famous address, roused the people of Britain to red-hot indignation, has written the following poem "To Our Sovereign Lady," expressing the hopes of the British people:

Queen that, from spring to autumn of thy reign,
Hast taught thy people how 'tis queenlier far,
Than any golden pomp of peace or war,
Simply to be a woman without stain!
Queen whom we love, who lovest us again!
We pray that yonder, by thy wild Braemar,
The lord of many legions, the White Czar,
At this red hour, hath tarried not in vain.
We dream that from thy words, perhaps thy tears,
Ev'n in the King's inscrutable heart, shall grow
Harvest of succour, weal, and gentler days!
So shall thy lofty name to latest years
Still loftier sound, and ever sweetlier blow
The rose of thy imperishable praise.

A gifted poet of our own, whose loyalty to right is indicated by her name, "Fidelis," has published in *The Week* a stirring appeal, from which we quote two stanzas. Stricken Armenia is represented as saying:

"Little ye reck of our sorrow, as we weep
o'er our mangled dead,
Little ye know of the terror that freezes our veins with dread!
Daily the horrible spectre draws nearer—it comes apace;
Will ye stand by and see us perish—the last of an ancient race?

"Though callous and cold you may turn from the cry of a perishing race,
Will your careless bearing serve you when you see the Shepherd's face?
How shall ye answer Him when His stern rebuke shall be,
'What ye failed to do for my sheep, ye have failed to do for Me!'"

Blind old Milton made his sonnet ring like a trumpet, awakening the conscience of the nation against the persecutors of the Vandois.

Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,

Forget not: in Thy book record their groans
Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. . . Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven, their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learned Thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

These lines apply with scarce a change to the Armenians, who have kept the faith through centuries of persecution before Britain had emerged from barbarism.

A contemporary points out the difference between the action of Cromwell and that of the cautious diplomats of to-day:

THE OLD WAY.

To my cousin Louis.

SIR:—I have to inform you that the persecution of Waldensian Christians must cease instanter. My army is ready, and only awaits the order to march.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

THE NEW WAY.

"We (the ambassadors) regret the recent events in this capital. They ought to cease immediately; otherwise they will bring prejudice upon Turkey and your dynasty." [Signed by the various European Embassies at Constantinople, Sept. 1, 1896.]

One of the sporting journals of England, after the manner of its kind, ridicules the aroused feeling of England by caricature of four contemptible figures, a combination of Chadband and Pecksniff, with baggy umbrellas and sanctimonious whine, as defying the armed concert of Europe. But not seldom before now has a stripling David slain a Goliath of wrong, and a "poor wise man" delivered a city.

ARMENIAN REFUGEES.

British and American sympathy and succour have done much to relieve the sufferings of the Armenians. Lady Somerset and Miss Willard, on a trip for rest to the south of France, heard of the privations of a rescued remnant at Marseilles. They hurried to the place, opened a refuge, supplied food and clothing to the fugitives. "This is God's kitchen," said one of them in thankful recognition of this providential aid. They were shipped to New York, only to be refused at Ellis Island permission to land because they could not furnish a bond of $500 each, although some of them could speak six languages, and the Armenians are notably thrifty and self-supporting. Lady Somerset promptly cabled that she herself would give bonds that they should not become a public burden.

The New York *Independent* says: "To turn these poor men back now would be an outrage upon them, a disgrace to the nation, and would subject us to the scorn and contempt of the civilized world."

We are sure that the generous-hearted American people will not hurl back into wretchedness these persecuted people. It is the glory of Great Britain that she is the refuge of the oppressed from every land. None, however poor and friendless, are turned away from her hospitable shores.

THE ATMOSPHERE CLEARS.

The speech of Lord Salisbury at the Lord Mayor's banquet on the 9th inst. was universally received as a pledge of the peace and brotherhood of the Anglo-Saxon kin on both sides of the sea. He assured the world that the rather unimportant controversy—as he diplomatically phrased it—over the Venezuela question was at an end, that "peace with honour" was secured, and the "very semblance of political differences which might hinder common action in defence of the common heritages of society was removed." At this we most heartily rejoice. The Christmas-tide will echo with a new meaning, the song of the angels, "Peace on earth, good-will to men." That song was rudely jarred a year ago by what we cannot cease to regard as the rash and reckless war message of the President of the United States, an act made all the more sinister in its significance by the eager support which it received from the House of Representatives and so large a section of the community. To that act some of their own writers attribute many of the fiscal and political evils which have visited that country during the year. But when friends fall out it is best to let by-gones be by-gones. It would be well if the lesson be learned to cease from hurling fire-brands when so much powder is lying loose as was evident last December, and to cultivate more the spirit of Christ than the spirit of Cain. As the great American poet of freedom has sung:

Let our hearts, uniting, bury
All our idle feuds in dust,
And to future conflicts carry
Mutual faith and common trust;
Always he who most forgiveth in his
brother is most just.

Lord Salisbury's utterances on the Armenian question were less assuring, though he repudiated the idea of antagonism toward Russia and hoped that the powers would be able to convince Turkey that she was drifting in the current towards an abyss. We trust that at last some union of purpose has been formed to restrain the monster assassin, who has out-Neroed Nero in his deeds of blood. But, oh the pity of it! that it took nearly two years to arrive at this concert, during all which time the slaughter of a brave and noble people has harrowed the heart of every lover of his kind.

A Danger Past.

It was with a sigh of relief that the press, especially the religious press, of the United States greeted the escape of their country from national humiliation. It was felt that forces were at work which imperilled the reputation for national and international honesty of the American Union. The sense of honour and integrity of the great bulk of the nation, however, interposed to prevent what was, in the predominant public opinion throughout the world, a calamity of no ordinary character. Not by the methods of Messrs. Coxey, Tillden, Altgeld and Bryan will the evils of the time be healed, but by the wider prevalence of the Golden Rule and of the Gospel of Christ.

But the danger is not yet past. In the judgment of many, an irrepressible social conflict has but begun. Class will be arrayed against class, and one section of the country against another, with increasing bitterness of feeling. Mr. Bryan has declined an offer of $25.000 a year, that he may devote himself more fully to this political campaign. We believe, however, that the American nation has the elements of moral sanity which will save it from the cataclysm which the prevalence of the crude political theories of the Populists and Coxeyites would produce.

A Pledge of Peace.

The marriage-bells pealed merrily from the campanili of Rome, the guns of San Angelo saluted the future Queen of Italy, the cheers of 300,000 people welcomed the daughter of Montenegro to the palace of the Quirinal. The poor Pope in the Vatican must have felt much chagrin at these State functions and alliances conducted not only without his permission or benediction, but sorely against his will. It makes one think of the giant in "Pilgrim's Progress" gnawing his fingers because he cannot come at the pilgrims.

The gallant little Mountain Republic has an heroic history. "To Montenegro belongs the honour of having, single-handed, kept alive the flame of freedom in the Balkan States." The uncle of the present prince, in 1862, held the monastery of Ostrog with twenty-six men against three Turkish armies. The Sultan sent 50,000 soldiers to conquer the country, whose whole population numbered 20,000. The very women and children fought in the defence of their mountain eyry. Well might Mr. Gladstone say: "In my deliberate opinion the traditions of Montenegro, now committed to His Highness (Prince Nicholas) as a sacred trust, exceed in glory those of Marathon and Thermopylae and all the war traditions of the world."

Count Bismarck's Latest.

A sensation of the month has been the revelation of the perfidy of Count Bismarck in forming a secret treaty with Russia nullifying certain features of the Triple Alliance. We believe the verdict of history will be that Count Bismarck, the "Man of Blood and Iron," who deliberately plunged his nation into war with France, is the most reckless and unscrupulous minister in Europe. The growth of cordial intent between France, England, Russia, and Denmark, seems to place Germany in that position of isolation that Great Britain appeared to occupy a few months ago.

A few weeks ago the Count created some unpleasantness by divulging a letter from Queen Victoria to the late Emperor protesting against Bismarck's policy of crushing France—a letter every way creditable to the Queen's head and heart. If Germany had given up Alsace and Lorraine, that country and the rest of Europe might have been spared the enormous cost of an armed peace for twenty years. The Count's splenetic purpose seems to be to annoy the masterful Emperor by whom he was dismissed a few years ago. It is impossible to conceive of an English statesman, a Gladstone or a Dufferin, exhibiting such petty spite.

Recent Science.

Mineral Resources of Ontario.

The mining industries of the Dominion, and of the Province of Ontario in particular, are attracting wide attention.

HAMILTON BLAST FURNACE WORKS.
Showing Stockhouse, Hot-blast Stoves and Office.

Hence the opportuneness of this admirable report. In Mr. Archibald Blue, Director of the Bureau of Mines, this Province has an invaluable officer. He is rendering very important service to his country. Associated with him are those able explorers, Dr. Coleman, Professor Willmott, Mr. Barron, Mr. William Hamilton Merrick. This report gives a large amount of classified information on the New Ontario, especially the gold-bearing region around the Lake of the Woods. It is simply indispensable for a due apprehension of the mineral resources of our Province. Excellent maps and numerous illustrations are given. This book differs from most Government reports in being exceedingly interesting literature, there being so many speculative undertakings at the present time.

We quote as follows from Mr. Blue's report:

"Hardy explorers are busily employed in search of minerals, and reports of new discoveries are heard from quarters of the Province heretofore not suspected of possessing ores or minerals of any kind, and locations are being taken up, and men with money at their credit in the banks are making investments, and occasionally mining camps are established, and in spite of the depression in trade and the stringency in the money market there is a feeling that somehow the outlook is brightening in Ontario and that the process of education which has been carried on with more or less assiduity during the past four or five years concerning its mineral resources is producing its natural effect, even upon a people so slow to take up new and possibly hazardous enterprises as the Canadian moneyed

HAMILTON BLAST FURNACE.
Showing Furnace and Casting-room.

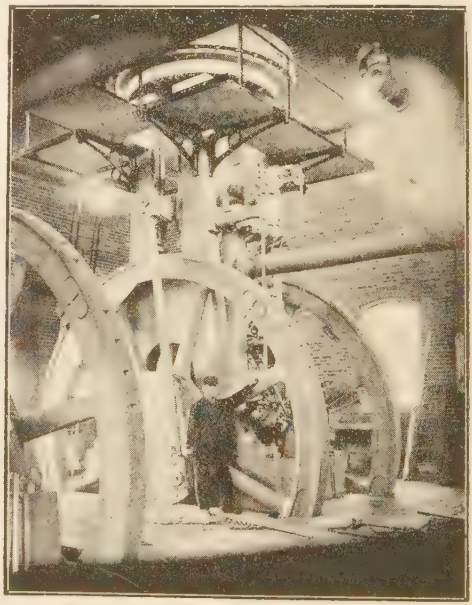
* "Fifth Report of the Bureau of Mines, 1895. Printed by Order of the Legislative Assembly of Ontario." Toronto: Warwick Bros. & Rutter. Octavo. Pp. 297.

men, with their $187,000,000 deposited in the banks.

"The completion of the blast furnace at Hamilton is an event of significant importance in the progress of mining and metallurgic enterprise in Ontario, and a description of the works is given in the first section. There is very good reason to believe that the demand for ore which this furnace must establish will lead to the opening up and working of a number of the many iron deposits which are known to exist in our Province.

STOVE FOR GENERATING HOT BLAST AT HAMILTON FURNACE.

"The merchants and manufacturers of Hamilton, with the courage and dash for which they are becoming noted, have had the satisfaction at last of seeing their iron furnace blown in and producing from native ores a pig iron of first-rate quality. It is well-nigh forty years since the last iron furnace in Ontario went out of blast, and during that long interval the iron mines of the country have been almost wholly idle. The requirements of the Hamilton furnace will no doubt lead explorers to take to the woods again, and old mines will be reopened, and roads and railways will be built to reach known deposits, and capital and labour will find employment in many directions in response to the requirements of this one new enterprise of the sturdy business men of Hamilton. The Hamilton blast furnace is in all respects a thoroughly good and substantial furnace, possesses all the modern improvements, and is capable, when driven at its highest speed, of turning out 200 tons of pig iron per day, when using 60 per cent. ores and Connellsville coke. It is constructed to obtain the highest economy in consumption of fuel and in handling of materials. It is also furnished with blowing engines of the cross compound type, in order that the steam which the blast furnace generates may be used for other purposes besides those of the furnace itself."



BLOWING ENGINES OF HAMILTON BLAST FURNACE.

"The first run of metal from this furnace was made in the presence of a large number of visitors from Hamilton and Toronto, on the 5th day of February of this year."

Science's Wonderful Photographic Eye.

In an article entitled "The wonderful New Eye of Science," M. Camille Flammarion, the well-known French astronomer, tells us how much the new methods of telescopic photography have added to our knowledge, both actual and possible, of the vast star-depths. This he does by comparing the telescope, with its photographic attachment, to a great eye, whose lens is the telescope and whose retina is the sensitive plate. Says M. Flammarion :

"The photographic eye is really a new eye, whose vision far surpasses that of our perishable eye.

"The human eye is, indeed, an admirable optic apparatus. . . . But the lens of the photographic apparatus is really a new eye, which supplements ours, and which, more wonderful still, surpasses it.

"The giant eye is endowed with four considerable advantages over ours ; it sees more quickly, farther, longer, and, wonderful faculty, it receives and retains the impress of what it sees.

"It sees more quickly : In the half-thousandth of a second, it photographs the sun, its vortexes, its fires, its flaming mountains, on an imperishable document.

"It sees farther : Directed toward any point of the heavens on the darkest night it discerns stars in the depths of infinite space—worlds, universes, creations, that our eyes could never see by the aid of any telescope.

"It sees longer : That which we cannot succeed in seeing in a few seconds of observation we shall never see. The photographic eye has but to look long enough in order to see ; at the end of half an hour it distinguishes what was before invisible to it ; at the end of an hour it will see better still, and the longer it remains directed toward the unknown object the better and more distinctly it will see it—and this without fatigue.

"It retains on the retinal plate all that it has seen. . . . In the normal condition of things our eyes do not retain images. Besides there would be too many of them. The giant eye of which we have spoken retains all that it has seen. All that is required is to change the retina"

But, says M. Flammarion, the most amazing faculty of this new eye is that it can not only see better and more quickly, but it can penetrate to depths in which the ordinary eye could never, by any process, see anything at all. He says :

"Let us place our eye, for example, at the ocular of one of those telescopes whose object-glass measures 30 cm. ; these are the best instruments for practical use employed in observatories at the present day.

"Through this telescope, 30 cm. in diameter and 3½ metres in length, we shall discover stars down to the fourteenth magnitude ; that is to say, about forty millions of stars of all kinds.

"Now, let us substitute for our eye the photographic retina. Instantly, the most brilliant stars will strike the plate and impress their images upon it. Five-thousandths of a second are sufficient for a star of the first magnitude ; one-hundredth of a second for stars of the second magnitude ; three hundredths of a second for those of the third, and so on in succession, following the proportion laid down above.

"In less than a second the photographic eye has seen all that we can see with the naked eye. But this is comparatively nothing. The telescopic stars visible through the instrument will also strike the plate and imprint their images upon it.

"Never before in the history of humanity have we been able to penetrate so deeply into the abysses of immensity. With the new improvements photography takes distinctly the image of each star whatever its distance from us, and fixes it on a document which may be studied at leisure. Who can tell but that one day, in the photographic views of Venus or Mars, a new method of analysis may enable us to discover their inhabitants ?" —*Literary Digest.*

Road Improvement.

The highways lie waste.—Isa. xxxiii. 8.

Every country pastor appreciates the importance of good roads in the prosecution of his church work. In the wider sociological field the live pastor must recognize the economic relation of good roads to every line of improvement. Taking the United States as a whole it costs $3.02 to haul the average load the average distance. The total weight of farm products for 1895 is estimated at 313,349,227 tons hauled over the public roads of the country. At the average estimated cost of $3.02 per ton for the distance hauled, this makes a total cost of $946,414,666 during the year. Moreover, the enforced idleness of millions of men and draught animals during large portions of the year, is a loss not always taken into account in estimating the cost

of work actually done. Two-thirds of this vast expense may be saved by road improvement, and this at a total cost not exceeding the losses of three, or, at the most, four years, by bad roads.

Among the many plans proposed for road improvement none, perhaps, is more valuable than a method recently invented by Hon. John O'Donnell, of Lowville, N.Y.

"What is a steel-track road? It is simply a horse railroad with a gutter track instead of a raised track. The track is five inches wide on the bottom with half-inch raised sides. It is laid on a longitudinal timber resting on ties The middle between the tracks is filled in with stone and rounded up, the water running into the tracks and to the sides of the road by conduits from the steel track. The great difficulty in all road construction has been to take care of the rainfall on the road. If the water penetrates the crust of the road the frost inevitably follows and the road is ruined. This gutter track takes care of the water perfectly. It costs less than a macadam or Telford road. The steel track, ties, and timber will cost less than $2,500 a mile. To this must be added the grading and filling in between the tracks with stone or other suitable material. A first-class steel-track road with the best macadam surface will cost less than $5,000 a mile, and a good country road with lighter materials can be built for less than $3,000 a mile. And this road when built is practically a railroad to every man's door, for it is a perfect road for waggons, bicycles, and the coming road motor, which is now being manufactured by over one hundred firms in the United States.

"And what will this new motor do on such a steel track in the economy of freight and passenger travel. Nothing short of a complete revolution in the internal commerce of the nation is to follow the steel track highway. It will be a God-send to the prairie farmers of the West and the South in their long hauls to and from the railroads. To the cities it means a great deal. The boundary line for trade and manufactures is now about twenty-five miles. With a steel-track highway the circle would be widened 100 miles. The morning newspapers would be delivered by the swift road-wheel courier to distant points not now reached, and the country itself would be a great suburb of the city, and the reflex social influence would alike benefit the country and the city, elevating and promoting general prosperity."

Mr. O'Donnell estimates that the average cost of hauling on the steel gutter-track would be less than one-twentieth the cost over the ordinary dirt road and less than the cost over the roads of the country in their present state. The present average cost is 25 cents per ton per mile; he places the cost on the gutter track at 2.1 cents. Instead of putting his invention in the hands of a corporation, Mr. O'Donnell hopes to be able to induce communities to build their own steel tracks and so secure to themselves the full benefits of such improvements.

In addition to the notes in our last number on the opening of the Iron Gate of the Danube, we glean from a scientific journal the following: "The blasting operations extended for sixty miles. The enormous total of 1,653,000 cubic yards was excavated, of which 915,600 yards were removed under water. Nine thousand workmen were employed. The rock was so hard that in three days in the early operations $6,000 worth of black diamond drill points were ruined. As much as thirteen tons of dynamite were used in a single charge, the cost of one explosion having risen as high as $7,000. The whole work cost $10,000,000, and caused the loss of 200 lives. It is one of the greatest engineering exploits ever achieved.

The largest lens ever made, says *Zion's Herald*, awaits the order for its shipment. The Clarks, of Cambridge, have been working at it for the past two and a half years. The crown piece weighs 295 pounds, and the flint 310; put together in the iron ring, the total weight with cell is about 1,000 pounds. The extreme diameter of the clear aperture of the lens is 43⅜ inches, and the focal distance 61 feet. The original cost of the glass, before grinding and polishing, was $40,000; its value now is more than doubled Extraordinary care will be taken in packing and transporting it, in a selected Pullman car, from Cambridge to Lake Geneva, Wis., where the new observatory is located.

What is claimed to be the most expensive thermometer in the world is in use at one of our large universities. It is an absolutely correct instrument, with graduations on the glass so fine that it is necessary to use a magnifier to read them. The value is $10,000.

Current Thought.

The Politics of the Kingdom of God.

We have had the most astounding example in the late presidential campaign in the United States of the intense enthusiasm which men can throw into their political contests. The indefatigable energy and zeal of Mr. Bryan were ably seconded by that of his followers. One of the great parties alone had over 20,000 stump speakers engaged constantly for weeks. Probably throughout the Union not less than 40,000 were so employed, nearly equal to the entire number of ministers in all the Churches. These proclaimed the doctrines of "Free Silver" or "Sound Money" with all the energy and persuasion of which they were capable. Enormous expense was incurred in hiring halls and in party demonstrations. The most grotesque and bizarre devices were employed to arrest the attention, convince the judgment, and persuade the will. None were too poor to be canvassed, cajoled, flattered, persuaded to vote "straight." The business of the country almost stood still for months. Decorations and illuminations, banners and music, were provided without stint, and money was poured out like water.

If men exhibited a tithe of the same zeal for religious or missionary enterprise, they would be denounced as fanatics. Yet, though great interests were at stake in this election, none of them were comparable to the eternal interests of every inhabitant of the United States. If the Church of God, if its preachers and teachers, its officers and members, its moneyed men, its eloquent tongues, could be kindled to a somewhat kindred enthusiasm for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, the conquest of the drink demon and overthrow of Satan's throne, what incalculable good might be accomplished. May not the Church learn a lesson of aggressive methods, of intenser zeal, of greater consecration, from this striking spectacle?

Methodism a Dynamic Force.

"The ideal that we should set before ourselves is one Methodist Church and one only, in every country under heaven. A distinguished French Roman Catholic has just borne an impressive testimony to Methodism. He says: "The introduction of Methodism into the Protestant world has not been, as some superficial observers have believed, an event of small importance, and much less an event to be ridiculed by calling it hypocrisy and buffoonery. This revival has shaken the whole Protestant world from one pole to the other. In order to be convinced of this one needs only to study or observe the events of the day. In its rapid and prodigious development it has invaded, dominated, and electrified Protestantism in Germany, Switzerland, France, England, and the United States of America. Its freedom from any particular form permits it to penetrate all kinds of Churches, national and independent. Its action on the political, social and religious world of our time has been beyond calculation. Methodism has not yet been profoundly studied by us, for which fact we are to be blamed. It has operated not only on the learned but on the masses, and communicated its spirit to all. The religious life of to-day, the life of action and of expansion, has its centre in Methodism. Orphanages, works of charity, educational institutions, propagation of the truth, evangelization, preaching and practice, all this has been generated by Methodism and all lives to-day through Methodism. This is the Church of the future that the Roman Catholic Church will have to meet." Yes, and when Romanism and Methodism meet, at the Waterloo of ecclesiastical history, to settle the greatest of questions, namely, whether Christ or the Pope is to be supreme in Christendom, Methodism must be as united as Romanism."—*Methodist Times.*

Persecution in Russia.

While the world stands aghast at the cruelties which have been practised by the Mohammedans against the Armenians, little attention has been attracted by the almost equal barbarities of the Russians against the Stundists and other religious dissenters in that Empire. To be sure, there have been no such wholesale massacres as in Armenia, but in many instances individuals have lost their lives for no reason except their Christian faith, and still larger numbers have been sent to Siberia and the Trans-Caucasus. A recent writer in the *Independent* says

that about one hundred Nonconformist families are exiled every year, and this systematic process of banishment has continued for more than seven years. It is difficult to describe the various forms of Russian dissent. Some seem to be much like our Baptists; others more like the Quakers; and others more like the Puritans of the seventeenth century, who had no desire to break from the State Church, but who did desire a higher spiritual life. In analysing the causes of the opposition to dissent, we find that moral questions play a large part. The objection to these people is not only on the ground that they are not loyal to the Established Church, but also because they hold views which make their lives more moral. For instance, it is said that if a man refuses to drink *vŏdka* (whisky) it is presumed that he is a dissenter, and he is then liable to persecution. These people, therefore, have arrayed against them not only the State religion, but also the selfishness of the saloon, which loses by the propagation of temperance principles. On the other hand, it is said that landlords and employers of labour are more anxious to employ dissenters than other classes of people, because of their loyalty to duty. In spite of all attempts at its suppression—which are as cruel as the persecutions of the early ages—dissent is rapidly growing in Russia, and not improbably in the next quarter of a century will be able to compel recognition from the Government and the community. In the meantime, it is well for those who are in the habit of condemning the Turk to ask, How much less worthy of condemnation is the Russian? and how much better would it be for the world if the realms now ruled by the Sultan were to pass under the jurisdiction of the Czar?—*Outlook*.

Our Bible Premium.

The splendid Self-Pronouncing Bible with full Teachers' Helps, offered by Dr. Briggs as a premium with this magazine, is the best which the Publisher has ever offered. It contains 60,000 parallel references and over 300 closely-printed pages of teachers' helps, with numerous maps and plans. Among these are articles on, "How to Study the Bible," by Dr. Stalker; "The Sunday-School Use of the Bible," by Bishop Vincent; and many articles on the Canon of the Old and New Testaments, the Ancient and English Versions, Chronology and History of Bible Times, and Ancient Monuments and the Lands of the Bible, full Concordance, and several pages of engravings. The type is clear, the paper excellent, the limp binding of superior quality. The retail price of this splendid Bible is $3.50. It will be given to any subscriber to the Methodist Magazine and Review, old or new, for only $1.25 in addition to the price of the periodical.

Excursion to Europe.

Several events of special interest will take place in Great Britain and on the Continent during next summer. One of these is the World's Sunday-school Convention in London in July. The last of these conventions was in 1889, when a large number of delegates from Canada accompanied Dr. Withrow's excursion to London. The completion of the sixtieth year of her Majesty's reign will also be celebrated with very imposing patriotic displays. These will run through several weeks and will be a great attraction to summer tourists to the Old Land. There is also to be held for several months in the city of Brussels, an International Exposition of art and industry which promises to be of great interest. The Rev. Dr. Withrow, who has conducted several excursions to Europe, will be prepared to take charge of a select excursion during this summer. Any person wishing further information may obtain it by writing to him at the Methodist Publishing House, Toronto.

ADVENT.

Softly He cometh—
This King:
No sound on the mountains afar;
No herald save one silent star;
Nor highway with triumph to ring.

Lowly He cometh—
This King:
No robes of bright purple and gold;
No pageantry royal and bold;
No banner its glory to fling.

Meekly He cometh—
This King,
To sit in our earth shade of woe;
To wear our humility, so
That souls in their sonship may sing.

Quickly He cometh—
This King.
Lord, even so! Longing we wait
Outside of the pearl-built gate,
Outside the glory so great,
Till Thou our glad welcome shall bring,
Thou—Brother, and Saviour,
And King!

AN IMPORTANT CHAPTER OF CANADIAN HISTORY.*

VIEW OF GODERICH HARBOUR.

This is one of the handsomest and most important of the recent issues of our Publishing House. It is a valuable contribution to the history of our country. It describes one of the first organized movements for settling what was then our great North-West. The strong personality of John Galt, one of the best friends Canana ever had, is clearly brought out. He was a many-sided man, great in literature, in politics, in economics, and in the leadership of men. "The true history of Canada," says Goldwin Smith, "is written upon the gravestones of her early pioneers." It is a patriotic service to recall the memory of those pioneer settlers who braved the perils of the wilderness, and planted the institutions of British civilization on the virgin soil of this New World. The book abounds in anecdotes, incidents, character-sketches and studies, and forty-one illustrations of persons and places described. We give three illustrations.

These words of the accomplished authors express a profound truth: "If history be teaching by example, no Canadian can overestimate the value of heroic types; for the shades of departed braves stand on the threshold of every deserted log cabin. Hard by, in corners of farm lots, in grass-grown churchyards, a silence as heavy as that of the forest they pierced lies above the dust of the sleeping pioneers, and the story of their struggles is about to be forgotten."

We concur in the statement of Principal Grant, who writes a graceful introduction, that "the racy descriptions give vivid glimpses of the good old times, and many Canadians will join with us in thanking them (the authors)

THE FIRST "MAC" IN THE SETTLEMENT.

* "In the Days of the Canada Company: the Story of the Settlement of the Huron Tract, and a View of the Social Life of the Period, 1825 1850. By Robina and Kathleen Macfarlane Lizars. With an Introduction by G. M. Grant, D.D., LL.D., with portraits and illustrations. Methodist Book-Rooms: Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Octavo. Pp. 494. Price, $2.00.

for allowing us to sit beside one of the cradles of our national life—*incunabula nostrae gentis*—and hear some of the first attempts at speech of the sturdy infant."

"In the Days of the Canada Company" is a book of no mere local interest. It is a work which, by its fine qualities of style and the human interest that breathes from its pages, as well as by the extent and value of the historical information contained in it, must inevitably attract and hold the attention of every reader, whether he have any previous knowledge of the subject or not.

THE PIONEER'S GRAVE.

THE "METHODIST MAGAZINE AND REVIEW" FOR 1897.

Our announcement for 1897 is, we think, for variety, for living interest and importance, the best we have ever presented. The permanent enlargement of the METHODIST MAGAZINE AND REVIEW furnishes it the opportunity for combining with a popular family magazine many review features which greatly enhance its value. The splendidly illustrated articles, the Character Studies and Sketches, Social and Religious Topics, Missionary Sketches, up-to-date Reviews of the World's Progress, Current Thought, and other departments will make it attractive to every member of the household.

Special prominence, it will be observed, is given to subjects connected with our own Church and our own country and the great Empire of which we form a part. Our serial stories, which will run through the greater part of the year, deal with some of the social problems of the times. In one the relation of the Church to important social questions is strongly set forth. In the other, a strongly-written Methodist story, God's retribution against wrong is strikingly portrayed. It takes its name, "The Mills of God," from the German lines :

Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small.
Though with patience He stands waiting,
With exactness grinds He all.

With such an attractive programme, and with the liberal prize announcements made, we think we should have an increase in circulation of 2,000. If that increase be secured a still larger improvement of the MAGAZINE AND REVIEW will be made. May we not count upon the aid of each reader to help us reach that number. The competition of the American ten-cent monthlies, devoted largely to sporting and theatrical subjects, and to other frivolous, not to say pernicious, topics, makes it more necessary to provide purer and more wholesome reading for Methodist households.

failed and for some time she was an invalid. This is her brief declaration of her principles on the temperance question :

"I believe that the miseries consequent on the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors are so great as imperiously to command the attention of all dedicated lives ; and that while the abolition of American slavery was numerically first, the abolition of the liquor traffic is not morally second."

Her books are easy reading, but were hard writing. A short magazine story takes from a month to six weeks, and no proof leaves the study without three revisions. This book is one of the most interesting of the season. It has a good portrait of the author, and twenty-six other engravings.

BRITAIN THE GUARDIAN OF LIBERTY.

BY W. F. OLDHAM.

[We have peculiar pleasure in quoting, from the *Western Christian Advocate*, the following tribute, by an American writer, to Britain's *rôle* in conquest as the champion of law and order, of civil and religious liberty.—ED.]

Zanzibar has been shelled, and the palace burned. The news flashed to us by the cables will be followed by varied and more or less severe criticism of Great Britain as the monster who roams the earth, seeking what weaklings she may devour. The fact that she exercises a protectorate over Zanzibar ; that the dethroned Sultan was a usurper, if not a murderer ; that the bombardment means the discouragement of perhaps a quarter of a million of slave-traders, will mean nothing to the paragraph-writers. Political exigencies make it necessary to keep newspaper readers in a high state of virtuous indignation over "English greed," and so every opportunity is embraced to stir American sentiment and excite American prejudice against what ought to be our natural ally and closest friend, Protestant, English-speaking, democratic, liberty-loving Great Britain.

It might be well for American Christians to consider what it means for England to secure control of vast territories in Africa. It means, to begin with, the death of the slave-trade. Whatever may be her commercial sins, against the African slave-trade she has ever been an uncompromising foe, and the Arab slave-trader's curses, both "loud and deep," are always breathed against any advance of the Union Jack. Look at a map of Africa, and see how surely the advance of England means the crushing out of the unspeakable cruelties which set Lavigerie's blood on fire, and stirred the pen of Henry Stanley to eloquent appeal, and moved David Livingstone, in what seemed to him the awful extremities of the situation, to cry for God's blessing upon that man, "be he Christian or Turk," who should help to staunch the running sore of Africa.

England already controls Egypt. Her presence there is a thorn in the side of France and her ally Russia ; but let the American United Presbyterian missionaries, impartial witnesses surely, bear witness to the immeasurable gain to Egypt itself. Relieved from the oppressions of Turkey, and from the constant intrigues and feuds of governmental agents, for the first time in centuries, the unhappy fellaheen are entirely at peace and in safety of life and property. Egypt has not known such prosperity in long years as is now enjoyed.

It is extremely gratifying to know that there is perfect freedom of conscience. In the Turkish empire, no Moslem can become a Christian without danger of official assassination. Nominally, religious freedom is promised ; but the missionaries, with one voice, testify to the impossibility of a Mohammedan convert living in peace or safety anywhere under the reign of Abdul Hamid. Even when French influence was paramount in Egypt, The American Protestant missionaries were hampered in many ways in the prosecution of their work.

From the south, England's possessions stretch in a continuous belt from the Cape of Good Hope to Lake Tanganyika. Here, bordering English possessions and stretching northwards well up to the Soudan, is the Congo Free State, whose very name is a pledge of its position and active sympathy and effort against the slave trade. From the mouth of the Nile to Cape Colony, for 5,000 miles, the iron-horse will presently snort his civilizing way, and not only will a great slave-

dealers' trail be cut off, but access to the Red Sea, and thence to the territories of Turkey, the chief slave market of the world, will be pretty effectually blocked. Another railroad from east to west, probably up the Congo, and through British East Africa to the coast, and the slave-trade, cut off into sections, must necessarily grow less, and finally disappear. The chief hope of the destruction of African slavery is the extension of British influence.

Again, in the British colonies alone is to be found perfect liberty for the missionary agents of all lands. Nominally, freedom of conscience is guaranteed by all the colonizing European powers ; but, in point of fact, an English-speaking missionary, whether from Great Britain or America, does not have unmolested and perfect freedom of operation except under the British flag. No sooner did France capture Madagascar than the English Wesleyans began to have trouble. When Spain extended her rule among the Caroline Islands, the missionaries of the American Board were openly thwarted and troubled. To Russian influence is partly due the troubles of our missionaries in the Turkish empire. Even Protestant Germany, the mother of religious liberty, fumbles when it comes to being perfectly fair with English-speaking missions in German colonies.

With governments whose Christianity is of the Roman or Greek type, the opposition to Protestant missions can readily be understood ; but with France, who professes official neutrality in religion, and with Protestant Germany, it is jealousy of the English tongue that probably makes it hard for them to afford anything like a strictly fair opportunity to missions conducted by men speaking that tongue. Do what they will, the governments of Europe find that the language of universal commerce tends everywhere to English ; and missionaries, speaking in other than French or German, or whatever the colonizing nation speaks, are looked upon with marked disfavour. So long as the American Church speaks English, its agents abroad will fall under the ban of all European colonies. The wider the extent of the British colonies, the larger the opportunity afforded the American Church in the planting of its missions among the unhappy children of Africa.

When, after the bombardment of Alexandria, Bishop William Taylor appeared in the Boston Preachers' Meeting, and said, "In the roar of the British cannon I hear the voice of God," it was thought he came perilously near blasphemy ; but, in fact, he was putting in his own terse, telling way, the result of world-wide observation, that whatever may be the right or wrong of her acquisitions, England's presence anywhere means an open Bible, and perfect liberty and safety for the man who carries it, wherever he may come from, or in whatever language he may choose to speak.

Above all, the rule of England over any part of Africa means the civilization of the natives, and the development of the industries and resources of the territory. The art of colonization is peculiarly hers. A happy admixture of paternalism and home-rule makes her government less irksome and more productive of good to the uncivilized and semi-civilized peoples she has subjugated than any of the systems her neighbours employ. Her rule is rarely harsh, always just, usually kind. With great patience and skill, and with a certain native capacity for understanding how to deal with subject-peoples, she has succeeded among widely diverse races, and the results are uniform peace and comparative prosperity.

Her chief foreign possession is also the most illustrious example of her ability and success in colonial government. India was never so perfectly at peace nor so widely prosperous as to-day under the British flag There is constant progress in education, in enlargement of the national horizon, in development of capacity for self-government, in successful warding off of famine, and, above all, Christianity more and more fills the air and permeates the thought and acts as a solvent, under whose power obstinate cruelties and stony-hearted superstitions are quietly, almost imperceptibly, melting away.

It was an accomplished Frenchman who wrote : "Neither in the Vedic times, nor under the great Asoka, nor under the Mohammedan conquest. nor under the Moguls, all-powerful as they were for awhile, has India ever obeyed an authority so sweet, so intelligent. and so liberal." What Saint Hilaire wrote of India will be true of all of Africa that falls to Great Britain. It should therefore surely be a source of deep interest to the American Church that the great colonies of the Dark Continent might be those governed by England.

How bright Thy lowly manger beams !
Down earth's dark vale its glory streams,
The splendour of Thy natal night
Shines through all time in deathless light.

OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.*

BY THE REV. N. BURWASH, S.T.D.

Chancellor of Victoria University.

The first volume of Dr. McCurdy's important and able work appeared in 1894, and has already passed into the third edition. It is accepted both in Europe and America as the most complete exposition in our language of the subjects of which it treats. It is not a work for mere popular reading. It leads the student into the most intricate and difficult regions of historical criticism and generalization, and the large sale of the first volume shows that it has already reached the great body of English-speaking students in this field.

In the work the author has set himself a twofold task of no ordinary difficulty. His first object is to present an accurate account of the great historic movement of the Semitic peoples of south-western Asia from the earliest times onward. The first volume carries this presentation to the fall of Samaria, B.C. 721. The present volume extends to the fall of Nineveh, B.C. 606.

This part of Dr. McCurdy's work has evidently involved the most patient and laborious critical investigation of historical materials, including the critical estimate of the greater part of the Old Testament. It is sufficient to say that the results are on the whole exceedingly satisfactory. The author is not by any means blindly conservative. He accepts candidly all the established results of criticism. But at the same time he has learned to separate the facts established by criticism from the numerous hasty and unwarranted inferences drawn from them by men who lack the breadth of learning required in the true scientific historian. As a consequence Dr. McCurdy does not feel himself compelled by his critical conclusions either to throw aside the vast treasures of historic material contained in the Old Testament, nor yet to reconstruct the Hebrew history on a purely subjective basis. We can still find in their customary places Abraham and Moses, Joshua and the Judges as well as David and Solomon.

While Dr. McCurdy may agree with the Higher Critics as to the composition, date and authorship of many of our present books, he never loses sight of the fact that, whenever and however cast into their present form, they still preserve for us most valuable and ancient historic material. The great value of the present work lies thus not in any attempt to construct a new history of the Semitic peoples, especially of Israel, but in the setting of Israel's history in its true surroundings as part of a great historic movement which covered all south-western Asia, from the borders of India and the foot of the great mountains to the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, and which extended over a period of nearly four thousand years. For this purpose he brings to bear all the rich treasures of information opened up to us by the Assyrian and Egyptian monuments, giving us, it is true, rather results than processes, but results which are the work of a cautious as well as candid investigator.

The broader view thus gained is invaluable to the biblical student, and especially to the theologian who is seeking to grasp the true character of that wonderful historical process by which God has revealed himself to men. Dr McCurdy himself does not lose sight of this great central idea. To him the surpassing interest of this history is the fact that it is the history of that people to whom God has especially made himself known, that in them all nations of the earth should be blessed.

In the second volume, now before us, the author not only carries the general historic view down to the beginning of the sixth century B.C., but also addresses himself to the second part of his work, *i.e.*, the study of the great social, political, intellectual, industrial and religious forces which have shaped and impelled this historic movement. This forms at once a most important and interesting topic to every biblical student. It is no easy task to distinguish clearly the great forces of ancient Oriental life from those which move society in our own age and civilization. We unconsciously transfer to Old Testament times the ideas of human life and movement to which we

* "History, Prophecy, and the Monuments." By J. F. McCurdy, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Oriental Languages in University College, Toronto. Vol. II., 1896. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $3.00.

are accustomed in our own life. In so far as man is man in every age and clime, this is permissible and even necessary to a real conception of the past. But when we come to the subtler forces which influence humanity, and which distinguish the course of one civilization from all others diverse, then must we know the age and the people, and learn to estimate aright the peculiar influences under which they live.

To this part of his task Dr. McCurdy has brought a mind trained to historical generalization, and furnished with a vast store of learning. To this theme he has devoted the whole of Book VII., discussing the progress of the Hebrews, first in the elements of Hebrew society, then as nomads, then as settling in Canaan, and finally under the monarchy. Under the first of these heads we have an excellent outline of patriarchal institutions, and of the forces by which they were gradually merged into the institutions of the settled monarchy. In the same way, in subsequent chapters, the arrangements for the administration of justice are traced from their first simple forms to the perfected arrangements of later days. Another aspect is the growth of city life, with its varied social and political results. Finally we have an inner view of that decay of society in morals and religion which led to the overthrow of both Hebrew monarchies. The important subject of the growth of the Hebrew literature and the Sacred Book is reserved for the concluding volume, which will be heartily welcomed by all lovers of Old Testament studies.

GREATER CANADA.*

Few Canadians have any adequate conception of the vast extent and varied resources of our great Dominion. We have personally travelled twice through its entire extent from Cape Breton to Vancouver Island, but we are continually being amazed by fresh revelations of its great "hinterland." Mr. Warburton Pike's book is another of these revelations, and is one of surpassing interest.

In July, 1892, our intrepid explorer left Victoria for a canoe and dog-sled journey of 4,000 miles. A few days later he left Fort Wrangel and launched his "Peterboro'" canoe on the waters of the Stikine River, and with incredible toil overcame its many rapids. On August 16th he crossed the watershed between the Pacific and Arctic slopes, and followed for hundreds of miles the Dease and Pelly rivers. The whole region is rich in gold, but the working season is short and cost of provision is enormous. On the Liard River a hundred pounds of flour cost $100. This river, though little known, has a course of 800 miles before it enters the Mackenzie River flowing into the Arctic Ocean.

While the scenic attractions were generally not great, yet at times from some lofty summit views were obtained which our author says well repaid his toil, "views of wondrous beauty intensified by the mystery which always enshrouds an unknown land."

In September came the first snow. They built a log-house for winter quarters. The canoe was dragged on a dog-sled over 200 miles, to be launched in the spring on the waters of the Pelly River. Our author describes the Indians as dying out, the result of disease acquired by contact with the worst aspects of civilization. He urges, in the interest of common humanity, that a qualified doctor be sent among them, otherwise in a few years the Indian tribes will be extinct. During the winter the thermometer fell to − 68°. Moose were in plenty, and our enthusiastic Nimrod declares that there is an indescribable charm in this winter hunting in the great northern woods.

In early spring they started out on a 300-mile snow-shoe journey to stake out some mining claims. In these northern wilds, severe as is the winter, the summer is hot, and large supplies of potatoes are raised at the missions and forts. So hot was it that he took advantage of the perpetual daylight to travel during the night and sleep while the sun was high. He describes at Forty-Mile Creek an American town, with an American post-office selling American stamps, wholly on Canadian soil, as admitted by surveyors of both countries. He contrasts with this tolerance, for the sake of

* "Through the Sub-Arctic Forest. A Record of a Canoe Journey From Fort Wrangel to the Pelly Lakes and Down the Yukon River to the Behring Sea." By Warburton Pike. With Illustrations and Maps. London and New York: Edward Arnold. Pp. xiv–295. Price, $4.00.

convenience, the intolerance of an American officer at a frontier fort.

In the great valley of the Yukon, a river nearly 2,000 miles long and in its lower reaches from ten to seventy miles wide, are many Roman Catholic, Greek, Church of England, and Moravian missions. A stern-wheel steamer comes up this great river 1,500 miles from the sea. The astounding statement is made that "today the traveller can leave the Hudson's Bay Company's fort, on the Athabasca, and travel continuously down stream, with the exception of the short ascent of Peel River and the Rocky Mountain portage to Fort St. Michael's on the shore of the Behring Sea—a distance of 4,000 miles — with scarcely any more trouble, and perhaps less risk, than is involved in a transcontinental railway journey."

Vast quantities of wild-fowl furnished plenty of food—a fortunate thing, as they ran out of money, but were generously supplied on credit by Russian factors. The drink traffic and the immorality of white traders is a sad offset to the good wrought by devoted missionaries. At one place an American whaler supplied the natives with rum and "sailed away for San Francisco with all the wealth of the village in her hold." When the supply of rum was exhausted, no food had been put up for the winter, and in the spring "no man, woman or child was left alive on the rum-stricken island to tell the story of starvation and death." "It is a pity," he adds, "that the American Government is so fully occupied in watching the movements of a few foreign sealers that it cannot keep an eye on the movements of its own whalers."

After reaching the ocean and skirting its inhospitable shores for 300 miles, often soaked with rain and drenched with spray, our explorers obtained passage on an American schooner to Ounalaska, on the eastern extremity of the Aleutian Islands. The captain, by his own confession, "had left 'Frisco a roaring, godless sinner," but, through the efforts of a Methodist missionary, that was all changed, and he was a new man. He confined his roaring to singing Methodist hymns all the way to Ounalaska, his favourite being "Buelah Land." Thus, the grace of God can find even in these northern wilds the reckless sinner and accomplish his reformation.

From Ounalaska Mr. Warburton Pike found passage in a steamer to Nanaimo, and thus ended a very remarkable journey. The book is very sumptuously printed, has excellent folding maps showing in red the author's route, and numerous well-drawn, full-page illustrations. It is an addition of much value to the literature of Canadian exploration.

HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY.*

BY PROF. E. I. BADGLEY, LL.D.,

Victoria University.

This is one of the latest, and in many respects the best hand-book on the history of Philosophy that has yet appeared. It covers the field from Thales to the present time, including the bibliography of many writers still living. It is written in a clear and forcible style; is free from objectionable technicalities, and expresses in a simple and comprehensive manner the positions of the great thinkers who have determined the grooves of thought for 2,500 years.

Our intellectual inheritance ought to be no less an interesting study than that of our political and national life. Whence, and through what birth-throes, came the thought that enkindles and the principles that underlie all modern civilization in court and cabinet, in home and school, in Church and State? These have all had their birth and their subsequent struggle to maintain their claims.

The thought of Plato and Aristotle ruled the world for more than fifteen centuries, and is still a potent influence, and likely to be so for all coming time. It cannot be an uninteresting or an unprofitable study to trace its genesis in the first speculative minds in Greece, or its subsequent influence upon Rome and thence upon all modern civilization; for be it remembered that the Common-

* "History of Philosophy," by Alfred Weber, Professor in the University at Strassburg. Translated by Frank Thilley, A.M., Ph.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. 1896. Price, $2.50 net.

wealth of Rome was largely but a practical application of the great principles furnished by Greek speculative thought.

Enriched subsequently by its contact with Christianity, the one both gave and received from the other, and neither can henceforth be understood apart from the other. Christian faith and Greek philosophy are the two factors from which ecclesiastical dogma arose. If the teaching of Christ and His apostles furnished the *content* of the new faith, it is equally true that the Greek philosophy furnished the *form* in which that teaching found expression.

The intellectual life of any age will compel any faith or creed to accommodate itself more or less to its demands. The age of the Greek apologists, the teaching of St. Augustine, and every subsequent period and name can be cited in proof of this statement. It follows that apart from its intellectual environment no retrogression or progress can be fully or fairly understood. What were the intellectual or speculative factors that so largely determined the trend of the first Christian centuries? That became all dominant in the Middle Ages? That since Locke, and Hume, and Kant have so largely affected, not only the creed but the life of every form of ecclesiasticism?

Any new movement may possibly for a time flourish under the zeal of some earnest advocate, but it may not finally escape the inevitable demand to reckon with the principles that must underlie it if it is to become a permanent factor in the world's history. Periods of speculation, or of zealous activity in anything practical have always been followed by an age of criticism. This is no less true in Church than in State, in politics than in the life of the home.

Philosophy has man as its central figure. It aims to so place him in the midst of this great system of things that he may find himself *at home* as far as possible, and comfortable in his intellectual peace and harmony. It seeks to adjust fact with principle and to bring multiplicity into unity. It seeks a reasoned explanation of things, and is the arch-foe of mere dogmatic utterance, of atomism, or of individualism. It aims to bring everything under the grip and grasp of some unifying power.

From Socrates onward, the great names in philosophy have almost invariably held to a central intelligence as basal to the universe and necessary to its explanation. If this feature has at times tended to too stern a fixity and unalterableness, it has also served to check a too predominant tendency on the part of many to substitute the caprices of Will for the steady and purposed movements of Reason. If Philosophy has emphasized the one, Theology has done equally so with the other.

Reason and Will are not necessarily antagonistic. They are both essential to Personality, of which the one must be regarded as ground or essence, and the other as purposed manifestation. In man the two may be opposed and out of harmony with each other, but this cannot be in our conception of God as perfect Personality.

Christianity and State institutions will be best understood when they come to be regarded as the free expression of Will; and they will find their strongest safeguards when Reason can be summoned to their defence. History is but the larger battle-ground where each human spirit struggles to give expression to its own nature, hurling itself upon its environment and, in turn, being thrown back upon itself. Philosophy puts its claims too high when it attempts to solve the problem apart from religion. Religion equally errs if it attempts to dispense with Philosophy. As Hegel has said: "The object of religion as of philosophy is the eternal truth in its very objectivity—God, and nothing else than God and the explication of God."

The volume before us deals with the three periods of (1) Greek Philosophy, (2) the Philosophy of the Middle Ages, and (3) Modern Philosophy. The great names in each of these periods are dealt with in a most intelligent manner. The trend of thought, like the tacking of a vessel before the wind, is carefully followed, accompanied by vigorous criticism or candid commendation. Other histories of philosophy, covering but a part of the great field, may treat more fully the period they have under consideration; but for a concise, readable, and safe volume covering the entire field we know of nothing superior. To the student of Philosophy, Theology, or Politics, it is alike invaluable.

Like circles widening round
Upon a clear blue river,
Orb after orb, the wondrous sound
Is echoed on forever:

Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
And love towards men of love—salvation and release.

—*Keble's "Christmas Day."*

Book Notices.

Talks About Autographs. By George Birkbeck Hill. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Price, $3.50.

There is a strange fascination about the collection of autographs. Mr. Birkbeck Hill seems to have yielded to its seductive influence. He gossips genially with his reader concerning the distinguished men and women whom he has known in person or through their autograph letters. In these letters the writers are seen in their every-day undress, and not in full dress as in their books. Our author can be both wise and witty, like his favourite writers, Charles Lamb and Sir Thomas Browne.

It is a striking evidence of the power of genius that an old and faded letter of Dr. Sam. Johnson's, in which he records that he was dinnerless, should sell for £46, enough to have paid his board bill for a year. It is also evidence of the improvement in social morals in this century, that Lord Chancellor Eldon and Chief Justice Kenyon are recorded as having come to a political meeting at the Duke of Wellington's house, both drunk, and being thought none the worse of, and that De Quincey would frequently beg of new acquaintances 2d. to lay out in opium. The latter writer seems to have made vile return for the friendship of Southey. "I'll thank you to tell him," says the latter to Carlyle, "that he is one of the greatest scoundrels living . . . a calumniator, cowardly spy, traitor and base betrayer of the hospitable hearth."

An interesting autograph of Matthew Arnold's is dated, "Wesleyan Training College." For twenty years Matthew Arnold spent a week each December here in examination of the students. After starting the examination his first request was for the loan of a Bible and a candle. During the dark days he would write continually, leaving the students very much to themselves. "These students are Wesleyans, they never copy," he used to say.

Some of the autograph letters were from red-hot Republicans and Revolutionists of Paris. One is a strange patchwork of more than twenty languages. The writer spoke eight fluently, and read twenty-five easily. A curious document is cited, giving permission of the customs authority to have six pails of sea-water fetched from the sea for baths for a month. The tax on salt was so heavy that the use of sea-water was forbidden.

This is a book to delight the heart of a bibliophile. It is a veritable *édition de luxe*, with heavy paper, broad margins, delicate mouse-coloured kid binding, numerous engravings of portraits, etc., and fac-simile letters of Lamb, Ruskin, Gladstone, Cowper, Dan O'Connell, Southey, George Washington, Rosetti and others.

The Puritan in England and New England. By Ezra Hoyt Byington, with an Introduction by Alexander McKenzie, D.D. Boston: Roberts Bros. Toronto: William Tyrrell & Co. 8vo. Pp. xxxiii-406. Price, $2.00.

The story of the Puritans in Old and in New England will never lose its interest. It is one of the most heroic episodes in the history of our race. In the British House of Parliament is a magnificent painting of the sailing of the Pilgrims, and in the Capitol at Washington a noble painting of their landing. The story belongs to both continents. It has been well said that the wheat of the earth was sifted for the seed of that planting. Canadian readers will find this volume of special interest, for the U. E. Loyalist fathers and founders of Canada were largely of the sturdy Puritan stock. Thus the wheat of the earth was twice sifted for the seed of this planting.

Macaulay, Hallam and Carlyle vie in their tributes to their character, and our own Dr. Ryerson has added his chaplet to their memory.

This book is the growth of years and of wide study of the best authorities. The author traces the rise of Puritanism in the Old Land, and its translation to the New World and development in its virgin soil. His pictures of the early life of New England, which we are apt to think so gray and colourless, are full of life and of not a little humour. Those grim Puritans were men of strong domestic affection, of loyalty to conscience, of noble heroism. Their plain living and high thinking, their somewhat austere manners and homely garb, their love of liberty, yet their strangely inconsistent persecution of the Quakers, are graph-

ically set forth. The early meeting-house was the central building of the town. Attendance at worship was required by law. To smoke within two miles of the church was prohibited. The people were summoned to morning service by the beat of the drum at nine o'clock. The sermon was measured by the hour-glass. The singing was without instrument and by "note or by rote."

The pictures of family and social life are particularly engaging. The so-called Blue Laws were an after-invention of Samuel Peters. The laws were milder than those of New York, Virginia, or England. They had their hearty social life with their cheery harvest festivals and training days. They looked death fearlessly in the face, and cultivated their fields under the constant menace of Indian massacre. They established free schools for both white and Indian children, and a grammar-school in every town of a hundred families, "to the end that learning may not be buried in the graves of our forefathers." Their sturdy virtues largely moulded the future, not only of New England, but of the entire continent. The book is admirably printed, with wide margins, gilt top, and an engraved portrait of the celebrated William Pynchon, of whom an interesting account is given.

Old Colony Days. By MAY ALDEN WARD. Boston: Roberts Bros. Toronto: William Tyrrell & Co. Price, $1.25.

This is a companion book to the last. It is an exceedingly instructive and interesting account of certain aspects of early New England life. It gives, in the quaint old English of Governor Bradford, a contemporary account of the voyage of the *Mayflower*, the landing of the pilgrims, their early sufferings and heroism. Bradford's manuscript Letters and Journals had a strange history. The former was discovered twenty years after the Revolution in a grocery shop in Nova Scotia, over three hundred of its folio pages having been used for wrapping paper. The latter, after being lost for seventy years, was found in the library of the Bishop of London.

The infant colony had a baptism of suffering. The pilgrims from Holland had a more than four months' stormy voyage in their crowded vessel. While at anchor off Cape Cod, the *Mayflower*, with its germs of empire, came near being blown to pieces by the ubiquitous small boy, who fired a loaded gun within four feet of a keg of loose powder. Though more than half of the little company within three months were buried, yet,

> "O strong hearts and true! not one went back with the *Mayflower*.
> No, not one looked back who set his hand to that ploughing."

The preacher was the early autocrat of New England. Typical examples are Cotton and Increase Mather. The latter was for more than sixty years pastor of Old North Church, and during a greater part of that time President of Harvard College. He was a noble and even lovable character, a man of deepest piety and of striking courage. He was the first to inoculate for smallpox, in spite of bitter prejudice and opposition. The sad tale of the witchcraft days is well told, and some very funny specimens of Puritan poetry are quoted.

Christianity and Social Problems. By LYMAN ABBOTT. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.25.

The great problems of the times are not the critical or scientific, but the social problems. We regard Dr. Lyman Abbott as one of God's prophets of these later days, as a sage and seer whose eyes have been purged with euphrasy that he may see the needs of the times, and, seeing, may forthtell them with prophetic fire. Some of these chapters were preached as sermons in Plymouth pulpit. Others were contributed to the *Forum* and other reviews.

The writer maintains with eloquence the purpose of Christ, not merely to save *some* from a wrecked and lost world, but to recover the world itself and make it righteous. The Lamb of God came not to take away sin from some men, but the sin of the world. Christ's teaching is that His kingdom should come and His will be done on earth as in heaven. The writer grapples with the great themes which are agitating the minds of men to-day as seen in the unrest and upheaval of the people, and in the vagaries of Coxeyism and Populism. Among the themes discussed are: Christianity and Democracy, Christianity and Communism, Christianity and Socialism, Christ's Law of the Family, Christ's Law of Service, Christ's Standard of Values, Christ's Law for the Settlement of Controversies—Personal Controversies, International and Labour Controversies, the Treatment of Criminals, Enemies of the Social Order, the Social Evil, etc. The book is one of very great value on a very great subject.

Introduction to Sociology. By ARTHUR FAIRBANKS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $2.00 net.

Sociology is a new word invented to express a new study of these times. "The effort to administer charity wisely," says our author, "the effort to make criminals into men, and to prevent men from becoming criminals; the effort to develop a sounder municipal life in our cities, and a truer political sentiment in our nations — these are but some of the lines of work in which men to-day are driven to study the science of society, in order that they may not do harm where they would do good."

A special value of this book is its scientific method—the true method of modern investigation. It begins with a study of society as an organization, its physical factors, race and locality. It discusses the relation of men in society, the causes and modes of social activity, industrial organization, as exchange, consumption, production; the family as a social unit; the State as an organ of social activity, and social development and its processes, and the effect of natural selection in human society. The economical, social and political struggles for existence; the survival of the fittest, both of individuals and institutions, are all strongly and lucidly treated.

The Greater Life and Work of Christ as Revealed in Scripture, Man, and Nature. By ALEXANDER PATTERSON. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Cloth. 8vo. Pp. 408. Price, $1.50.

This is not a life of Christ in the usual sense, nor a review of the events of His earthly existence, but rather a study of the greater life and larger work of which the manifestation in the flesh was a single chapter. The book is a study of the Bible from the standpoint of the eternal Christ which the author regards as the theme of Scripture. Christ is regarded not merely as the conveyer of a revelation, but as the revelation itself, and His history as recorded in Scripture as a development.

He is studied as seen by God the Father, by saints, by enemies, and by devils, in seven successive periods: The Eternal Past, Creation, the Old Testament Age, His Earthly Life, His Present State, in the Day of the Lord, and the Eternal Future. "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever," is made the key-note of the whole continuous study. In discussing Christ's work in creation as arranging and forming all things, our author declares that evolution was not Christ's method in either the natural or spiritual world. He makes Jehovah of the Old Testament to be the Christ in that age, which calls forth some strained applications. Christ's earthly life is described in a most natural and striking way, and His present state and work is applied most graphically to our age.

In Christ in the Day of the Lord, and in the Eternal Future, there is a good deal of fanciful interpretation and application of Scripture bearing upon these themes, and yet very suggestive. One may not always agree with the exegesis of the author or all of his conclusions, yet his spirit and purpose must commend itself to all who are interested in Christ's kingdom. This book will repay a careful perusal. It is upon an almost uncultivated field of investigation, and its perusal will stimulate thought and inspire faith. We know of no other work covering this greater life of Christ, and bringing before the mind in one comprehensive view the Messiah's larger work.

A. M. P.

Literary Landmarks of Venice. By LAURENCE HUTTON. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.00.

There is a perennial interest about the "Bride of the Adriatic." All tourists fall in love with Venice, and are glad to welcome a new book setting forth her beauties or her historic, romantic, or literary associations. Italy is described as "The Land of Men's Past." This is particularly true of Venice. The past seems more real than the present. Many great writers have made it the place of their temporary sojourn—among others, Addison, Boccaccio, Byron, the Brownings, Dickens, D'Israeli, George Eliot, George Sand, Gibbon, Goethe, the Hares, Howells, W. R. James, Mrs. Jameson, Lander, Lewes, Lowell, Luther, Milton, Moore, Rogers, Ruskin, Scott, Symonds, and many others. Mr. Hutton takes us up and down the picturesque *Canali* and *Calli*, and points out the many places of literary interest not mentioned in the guide-books. Numerous engravings vividly recall the faded splendour of the dear old city, the rippling waters, the shadowed alcoves, the dim, mysterious lanes and winding waterways and the hearse-like gondolas.

Kate Carnegie and Those Ministers. By Ian Maclaren. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, $1.25.

Dr. Watson is at his best in his books. Some of his auditors were rather disappointed in his lectures, but in his sketches of Drumtochty his foot is on his native heath, "McGregor is himself again." Several of the old favourites appear. Saucy Kate Carnegie and her father, a retired Indian officer, act as fine foils to each other. The genial humanity of the author is shown in the fine character of Carmichael, the Free Kirk minister, whose liberal theology brings him under the ban of that stern Calvinist, "Rabbi" Jeremiah Saunderson. This is one of the strongest characters Ian Maclaren has ever painted. A profound scholar, his very learning makes him a tedious bore of a preacher. After candidating for twenty years he at last obtains a call. His heart is tender as the heart of a little child, but his iron orthodoxy makes him crucify his human affections and cite his dearest friend Carmichael to trial. The death-bed of the stern Rabbi excels in pathos even that of Dr. Weelum MacLure. The book contains some of Dr. Watson's best and strongest work.

A Quiet Road. By Lizette Woodworth Reese. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.00.

This book of thoughtful verses exhibits fine poetic qualities. It is a curious combination of quaint Elizabethan conceits, of mediæval themes and New World aspirations. The interpretation of Nature in her varied moods is very sympathetic. The lines on "An English Missal," and "Fra Gregory's Word to the Lord," are glimpses into old convent life. Fra Gregory can neither sing like brother Luke, nor paint like brother Simon. He simply cares for the sick folk.

"A few dried simples on a shelf
Are all my song and all mine art.

"I sort them out on floor and sill;
Fennel, and balm, and silver sage;
This one for fever, this for chill;
And, loving each, I get my wage.

"Do such as I to glory pass,
Skilled but in what each season grows?
I, gatherer of the convent grass,
With smell of mould about my clothes?

"I cannot sing; I scarce can pray;
Let me have there some garden space,
Where I may dig in mine old way,
And, looking up, Lord, see Thy face."

Books received to be noticed in our next issue.

Pagan and Christian Rome. By Rodolfo Lanciani. Profusely Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 374.

Myths and Myth-Makers. Old Tales and Superstitions Interpreted by Comparative Mythology. By John Fiske. Twenty-first Edition. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

Authors and Friends. By Annie Fields. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

The Conference appointed a Day of Intercession for missions, which was generally well observed in England as well as in foreign lands.

The Wesleyans in England are among the foremost sympathizers of the downtrodden Armenians. An influential public meeting was held in Wesley Chapel, City Road, London, at which the President presided, and several ministers and laymen spoke.

The union of the Wesleyan, Free Methodist and Bible Christian Churches in New Zealand has been consummated. What a pity that the Primitive Methodist branch has not fallen in with the Union! There would then have been one strong Methodist body in the entire colony.

In Pretoria, South Africa, there are 301 places where the Wesleyan missionaries regularly preach; 4,928 scholars attend the Sunday-schools. There are

nineteen English ministers and eleven native ministers, with 5,805 church members and 1,989 on trial ; 35,000 persons attend the ministry, and about $60,000 is raised for all Church purposes.

The South African Conference contains 200 ministers, who have under their care 58,897 members, including those on trial. There are missions established among Europeans, Indians and natives in Natal colonies and in the Orange Free State. But though the extent of territory is very great there are "regions beyond" in which the light of truth has not yet shone, and from which pressing calls are constantly being heard for the heralds of the Cross to be sent. In some of the native churches there are several local preachers ; one in Johannesburg contains no less than twenty-seven of these self-denying men. The Rev. Mark Guy Pearse has recently been making a tour and visiting some of the more important places in the Conference, and has received considerable financial aid for the West London Mission. He expresses himself as greatly delighted with what he has seen of the marvellous effects of missionary labour both among the colonists and native population.

Bishop Taylor, who laboured in South Africa thirty years ago with marvellous success, has returned thither and is still abundant in labours, even preaching two or three times daily and holding evangelistic services, and is seeing good results from his extraordinary labours.

Recent intelligence, also, from Ceylon, contains many items of special interest. The Gospel is preached in English, Portugese and Singalese. Great attention is paid to the soldiers, among whom there have been several interesting instances of conversion. The evangelist, Thomas Cook, visited the country about a year ago, and was gratified by seeing hundreds renounce their wicked idolatrous practices and worship the true God.

The present number of missionaries under the care of the British Conference is 363, occupying 339 central or principal stations.

Rev. Hugh Price Hughes stated that in England the Congregationalists, Baptists and Methodists alone provide accommodation for 7,000,000 persons, the provision of the Anglicans being far less. If we look abroad our resources become yet more encouraging. Representing a majority of the Christian people at home we represent an immense majority in the British Empire, and an overwhelming majority in the English-speaking world.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Japan mission was commenced in 1872, and now reports eighteen male and forty-four female missionaries, 3,378 members, and 670 probationers.

Methodist adherents in the United States number about 19,000,000. Of these 5,452,654 are communicants. The growth of Methodism is one of the religious phenomena of the age. Counting the population of the country at 65,000,000, nearly one in ten is a Methodist. The Methodists number one in six of all professing Christians in the country, and one in four of all Protestants.

A missionary at Pekin, China, says his church is crowded, and every Sunday from two to twelve men rise and confess Christ and enroll themselves for baptism.

Two Chinese girls, who graduated in medicine at the University of Michigan last June, have sailed to China as medical missionaries.

Bishop Hartzell, the newly-appointed bishop to Africa, has had an eventful career. When a student at Evanston he rescued four sailors from a watery grave. For eleven years he worked his way through college. When in the South he was four times laid aside by fever.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Rev. W. B. Burke and wife, who were at home on furlough and could not be sent back to their mission in China for want of funds, have, however, taken their departure to the East. The Leagues of Holston, Memphis, and Tennessee Conferences have furnished the means. They sailed from Vancouver, B.C., September 14th. Mrs. Burke wrote as they were going on board : "It is pleasant to know that the Epworth Leagues not only furnish our salaries, but will take an interest in us. Please thank them for me. I will try and write something of interest from time to time."

Rev. Sam Jones says if the preachers in South Carolina would leave "the sweet by-and-bye" alone awhile and get to work on "the nasty now," there would be no such thing as the dispensary system.

Methodist New Connexion.

The Wesleyan Methodist Local Preachers' Mutual Aid Association has made arrangements to receive their brethren of the New Connexion into their fellowship. The circuits of the latter will con-

tribute a portion of their centenary offerings to the funds of the United Association, which will thus become a strong body blended together for mutual benefit.

Primitive Methodist Church.

Sitting accommodation is now provided in Great Britain for 1,000,000 persons. Recent returns, however, show that forty-two per cent. of that accommodation is unoccupied, and that only thirty-three per cent. of the hearers are members of the Church.

Methodist union sentiment does not grow rapidly in England. The Primitive Methodist and the Bible Christian Conferences reappointed the committees which have been acting together.

Mr. W. P. Hartley has presented to each of the ministers in Manchester District a copy of Prof. Salmond's "Christian Doctrine of Immortality."

The Methodist Church.

The annual meeting of the General Board of Missions was recently held. There were ministers or laymen, in some instances both, present from all the Conferences in the Church except Japan. The presence of the Rev. Dr. Hart, the esteemed superintendent of the missions in West China, excited great interest. The facts relating to the work in that country were very pleasing. The Doctor hopes to return soon and take with him a printing press, which will be the first of its kind to be planted in West China.

The reports from the various mission fields were on the whole satisfactory. The income was in advance of last year, but this was owing to the large amount received from bequests, but for which there would have been a deficiency. Owing to the financial condition of the Society the appropriations to the missions were not equal to their claims, so that only sixty-six and two-thirds of $750 could be appropriated to the ministers on domestic missions. This will only give $500, and in some cases less, to married ministers.

The Board approved the appointment made by the Executive of Rev. Dr. James Henderson as Assistant Missionary Secretary. He and Dr. Sutherland donated a few hundred each of the amounts appropriated to them for salary. No additions could be made to the mission staff either at home or abroad.

Recently Revs. Scott and Borden have gone to Japan to labour in the educational department. Dr. Smith, a medical missionary, has gone to China, and the Woman's Board contemplate soon sending a female medical missionary to the same field.

Drs. Sutherland and Henderson are visiting the churches very extensively, hoping to bring in a larger amount of income. It is intended also to hold conventions in central places for the same object.

Dr. Potts has been at Newfoundland preaching at the dedication of a new church in St. Johns. A fine edifice has been erected in London in place of the one which was destroyed by fire nearly two years ago. General Superintendent Carman preached the first Sabbath, in connection with the President of London Conference. Other ministers preached on the following Sabbaths, among others Dr. James H. Potts, himself a Canadian, but at present editor of the *Michigan Christian Advocate.*

Items.

Lord Lawrence, who spent many years in India, said: "Notwithstanding all that English people have done to benefit India, the missionaries have done more than all other agencies combined."

More Bibles have been sold in Burmah since the beginning of 1892 than in the previous twenty years. This is due in part to the issuance of Dr. Judson's version in cheap and portable form, but chiefly to the increased desire for the Word of God among the Burmese.

"Thibet," says a missionary contemporary, "is the only country of any large size now absolutely closed against the Gospel. In all other lands Christianity has been preached.

In Brazil, the largest country in South America, with a population of 16,000,000, there is said to be only one missionary to every 138,000 souls.

There are 10,000 licensed opium shops in the British territories in India. The opium habit is increasing rapidly.

There are 400 Methodists in Corea. The first Christian school is in course of erection in Seoul.

It is said that in Tokyo, the chief city of Japan, there are issued no less than 120 newspapers and magazines.

India is ten times larger than Japan, China nearly three times as large as India, and Africa twice as large as India and China combined.

Native Christians in Japan, most of them with average wages of less than twenty-five cents a day, contributed last year $27,000 to mission work.